

# The CANADIAN FORUM

*An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts*

## A New Labor Crisis in Quebec

**W. E. Greening**

► PREMIER DUPLESSIS is engaged in a new struggle with the forces of labor in the province of Quebec. It will be recalled that in 1949 he introduced a labor code in the Quebec Legislature which would have placed drastic curbs upon the freedom of labor organizations in that province. This bill was defeated through the united action of Quebec's three labor federations. Ever since that date, the Premier, who is obviously worried by the mounting strength of organized labor in the new industrial towns and cities of French Canada, has tried to get such legislation passed in a piecemeal fashion by introducing only one law affecting only one section of the labor movement at a time. Thus he has hoped to divide the local labor bodies and keep them off their guard.

His latest step in this direction was an announcement in November 1953 that he proposed to submit to the Legislature during the coming session, two new bills—both dangerous to the position of unionism in the province. Bill 19 would give the Quebec Labor Relations Board the power to decertify and withhold legal recognition from any Quebec labor organization whose officials are found guilty of having communist sympathies and ties.

The term communist is nowhere defined in the law, nor is it indicated on whose evidence or what proof such accusations will be made by the Provincial Government. French Canadian union officials have learned by bitter experience that a "communist" union to Duplessis and his Administration is any labor organization which makes a strong stand against the employers or which attacks too openly the policies of the Union Nationale regime. The labor leaders saw right away that this law would be a perfect instrument in the hands of Duplessis and his employer friends to block the progress or break the strength of a union in any industry in the province. All that the Provincial Government would have to do would be to term its officials "communist" in order to delay its legalization indefinitely. And there are large numbers of anti-union employers in Quebec who would only be too glad to make this use of the new law.

The second Bill, number 20, although not as far reaching in its general implications as the preceding one, is also harmful to the labor movement in Quebec. It proposes to

take away the bargaining rights of any union in Quebec which encourages a strike among civic and municipal employees such as school teachers, firemen, policemen, etc. This bill is aimed directly against the Alliance of Catholic School Teachers in the city of Montreal which, under the leadership of its President Leo Guindon, has been doing much to improve the position of its underpaid members. In his campaign for higher salaries and better working conditions, Guindon has aroused the intense hostility of the Montreal Catholic School Commission and of the Provincial Government. Both these bodies have been doing their best to destroy his organization and to replace it with a rival "company" outfit which would be completely under the thumb of the local authorities. This has resulted in a long legal battle which has been in progress ever since the Provincial Government took away the bargaining rights of the Alliance because of its action in staging a mass walk out in the schools of Montreal in 1949. Last summer, the Alliance won a considerable moral victory, when the Supreme Court of Canada overruled the Quebec courts and declared that Guindon's organization was still a legitimate labor body. Now Duplessis is trying to offset the Supreme Court ruling by

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## Current Comment

### Mr. Abbott's Cheerful Departure

The federal budget for the fiscal year 1954-55 was brought down in the House on April 6. Neither the tardiness of the budget nor that of spring's arrival across the country appeared to dampen Mr. Abbott's optimism.

After touching briefly upon the outlook for the various components of national income, the Minister of Finance arrived at the conclusion that "our national product in 1954 will be at least equal to 1953, and probably higher." This conclusion seems to depend rather more on faith than on reason, inasmuch as almost every major sector of the economy has registered some decline in the first quarter of the year.

Given his premise about the size of the national income, however, there is not much to be said against Mr. Abbott's decision to budget for an even balance between revenue and expenditure. Having defined the current economic situation as one of approximate equilibrium, there was evidently little point in disturbing that definition by introducing tax cuts or substantial increases in expenditures. Accordingly, the various changes in excise and sales taxes were only "fiddling," as they have been described elsewhere.

The handling of the Old Age Security Fund, which in Mr. Abbott's preceding two budgets amounted to a fiscal deception, has now become a low-grade comedy. Last year's Old Age deficit of \$100 millions is now to be written off, and this year's deficit of \$45 millions is to be financed by a "temporary loan." By juggling the non-budgetary accounts, Mr. Abbott manages to show a net receipt of \$55 millions in 1953-54, despite the fact that the Old Age Security Fund is obviously losing money.

As noted elsewhere, probably the most important feature of this year's Budget was the firm statement to Quebec on Dominion-Provincial finances. As Mr. Abbott said, "Under such a doctrine, the provinces would have the right to demand that the federal government, in effect, abandon taxes up to the extent of provincial use." Nothing could more surely wreck the very foundations of Confederation.

### Income Tax in Quebec

The long uneasy prelude is over. The Federal Government has rejected Premier Duplessis' demand that the new Quebec personal income tax be deductible from the Federal levy. Despite evident political risks, the Liberals have entered into open conflict with Mr. Duplessis. Let there be no doubt about it, the risks are great. Premier Duplessis has proven ability in manipulating, in his favor, the concern of French Canadians for their religious and cultural autonomy.

Already the Liberals have encountered unilateral action, veiled threats, groundless assertions and emotionally-charged accusations. Premier Duplessis chose to initiate the issue in the Legislature rather than in inter-governmental discussions. Moreover, he claimed priority for provincial income taxes over any such Federal levy, a claim which, though lacking any respectable constitutional foundation, is now joining the compact theory of Confederation in the Premier's mythology of the B.N.A. Act. He appears also to be suggesting that financial aid to the universities, so hard pressed since he refused to accept the Federal educational grants, depends on the introduction of this new tax. Threats have been heard, too, that no matter what the Federal decision, the Province would deduct the provincial tax from the federal tax which it, as an employer, collects from provincial civil servants. Moreover, Premier Duplessis has chosen to introduce a tax with

different exemption limits and deductions than those which hold for the Federal tax. The effect, as the *New York Times* has pointed out, is that he "has exempted virtually all of rural Quebec and a large group of urban French-Canadians." "Politically," the *New York Times* concluded, "Premier Duplessis has everything to gain and little to lose." Finally, Mr. Abbott has already been accused not only of casting doubts on the good faith of English statesmen and the Fathers of Confederation, but also of giving joy to those who wish one religion and one tongue throughout the whole of Canada.

It will be clearly a nasty fight and the Liberals, especially the French-Canadian members, have shown political courage in agreeing, despite the political risks, that the battle is a necessary one and must be fought.

That being the case, it is perhaps ungrateful to complain. Yet one cannot help but note the progressive disappearance of constructive social policies in the Federal Government's approach to Dominion-Provincial relations. In 1945 the Federal tax proposals were linked with an extensive scheme of social services and with farsighted plans for economic and fiscal planning. Nine comfortable years have left their mark. In the whole budget speech only the brief spare acknowledgement of a single sentence is made of these projects, earlier seen to be so important. The shelf of public works has become a national Mother Hubbard's cupboard while the health insurance program is apparently being saved for some future election when the main challenge to the Liberals again appears to come from the left. One of the strongest arguments for Federal control of personal income and corporation taxation has always been that it is required if major social and economic policies are to be possible in Canada. It is an



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interesting commentary on the recent evolution of Liberal opinion that Mr. Abbott elected to make such little use of the argument in his Budget speech.

R. C. PRATT

## From An Ivory Tower

[". . . in the end one can no longer tell whether the world has really grown worse or whether it is merely that one has grown older oneself. When that point is reached, a new time has definitely arrived." (Musil)]

► SOME OF MY COLLEAGUES have the impression that students coming to the university are not as well trained in English as they used to be. It is, of course, difficult to believe that some of the students who pass Grade XIII examinations have had any instruction whatever in English, but that has long been true, and my impression is that no great change has taken place in the past twenty years. There was a time, a few years ago, when the neologism "irregardless" seemed likely to become common Canadian usage, but it lasted only a little longer than other errors which enjoy a period of popularity. Doubt has been expressed about the present entrance requirements of universities. The present examinations and system of marking, and, indeed, the present method of teaching, emphasize the concrete, so that an abstract idea is a new adventure for a student entering the university, and bent on the learning of more facts—as far as he has any academic intentions. An English essay is probably the best test of suitability for entrance to a university: half of the students who fail in the first year could be picked out in advance after writing their first essay.

The most noticeable change in students entering the university is in their manners, which have deteriorated quite seriously. It is not only a lack of polish or the failure to see a clear distinction between civility and servility; it appears now to be based on a positive philosophy and may have a common origin with the increase elsewhere in dishonesty and violence. Each year we have advance notice of what to expect through the organized hooliganism of high school students invading the University Stadium for their football games. Although their conduct is the antithesis of that to which lip service is paid at prize-giving ceremonies, it is comforting to feel that they are well trained to lynch the unjust referee or participate in a hysterical welcome to a Hollywood crooner. One begins to suspect that "Brave New World" was not a satire but a prophecy, inaccurate only because the wrong people have seized control of the machinery.

The proportion of student-hours spent in the university on subjects entirely devoid of intellectual content has probably increased. This is partly the result of an effort to stir up a spurious "spirit" which manifests itself most readily in fatuity, and partly because of a false emphasis on athletics, particularly on passive participation. At the time of the rebuilding of the stadium at Toronto, care was exercised to make clear the fact that the funds were not being taken from competing academic needs, but were themselves derived from athletics. Whether it is wise to encourage expenditure of this sort, in the face of grave academic needs, is doubtful whatever the source of the funds may be. The direction in which universities practice parsimony cannot but warp the mind of a student.

More and more students, ill-prepared and fearful of life, take shelter by losing their individuality in the group, and lest the mistake should be made of taking them for separate persons, they clearly label themselves across the backs of their jackets with their statement of faith: "Engineering

'56," or whatever their appropriate tag may be. At the same time, a tendency has developed in some universities to make regulations more and more rigid, so that students are treated as if they were pieces of inanimate material passing along an assembly line. The views of the students and of the administration do not, therefore, diverge noticeably, but some may not find the lines of the latest model aesthetically pleasing.

The person who comes out of this badly, of course, is the good or potentially good student. I understand that the use of this expression may be thought to be an anachronism, but I still believe that academic worth is a thing which a university may properly try to assess. If we cannot detect it, even when latent—encourage and develop it, provide facilities to widen its scope, prevent rank weeds from choking it,—the word "university" has lost its meaning, and we may as well try to enjoy wallowing in our mediocrity. As a recent issue of *Punch* put it:

Secure amid the soothing riot  
Of crank and sound-track, 'plane and car,  
We shall not be condemned to quiet  
Nor left alone with what we are . . .

Thy winged wheels o'erspan the oceans,  
Machining out the Standard Man.  
Our food, our learning, our emotions,  
Are processed for us in the can.

C. A. ASHLEY

## Canadian Calendar

★ External Affairs Minister L. B. Pearson told the National Press Club in Washington, on March 15, that the United States will have to consult its allies now if it expects support in an emergency for the "new look" in U.S. defence policy.

★ On March 16 the Saskatchewan Government closed down its Moose Jaw woollen mill enterprise, one of five government enterprises which foundered since original Crown corporations were set up.

★ The CNR, with record revenues in 1953, ended the year with a surplus of \$244,017. In 1952 there was a profit of \$142,347 after six straight post-war deficits under the old financial structure.

★ It was announced at Hull, Que., on March 22 that a French-language weekend pictorial magazine and comic section to be known as *Hebdo-Revue* would be established by five newspapers with a total of 70,000 circulation.

★ By an almost two-to-one vote, Mr. George Hees, 43-year old Toronto MP, was elected on March 16 to the presidency of the Progressive Conservative Association of Canada.

★ The communique issued in Washington on March 17, following the meeting of Canadian and American ministers of trade and economic affairs, stresses the necessity of the two countries following "enlightened economic policies" to promote freedom of trade and payments throughout the world.

★ Prime Minister St. Laurent was accorded an ovation when he entered the chamber of the House of Commons for the first time after his return from his world tour.

★ Alberta, which has already some of the stiffest penalties on the continent for traffic violations, proposes to increase these penalties by a bill amending the Highway Traffic Act.

★ M. Jean Raymond Laurent, president of the France-Canada Association, said at Lille, France, on March 20, that young Frenchmen should be encouraged to emigrate to Canada to fill that country's industrial needs.

- ★ Federal spending in the fiscal year ending March 31 will be almost \$5,000,000,000.
- ★ More persons were registered with the National Employment Service for jobs in mid-February than at any other time in the post-war period. The figure was 559,000 — 157,200 more than a year ago.
- ★ The payroll for the Federal Government's expanding army of civil servants climbed to almost \$80,000,000 in December.
- ★ On March 25, CCF Leader Coldwell suggested in the House of Commons that Canada ask the U.S. to cancel plans to explode another hydrogen bomb in the Pacific.
- ★ On March 25 Prime Minister St. Laurent indicated that his Government is not at this time contemplating extending to the Mao Tse-Tung regime formal diplomatic recognition.
- ★ On March 25 External Affairs Minister Pearson said, in opening a debate on international affairs in the House of Commons, that the free nations of the West should maintain a continuous consultation on questions of policy and defence.
- ★ An animated cartoon, produced by the National Film Board of Canada, *The Romance of Transportation*, was one of the 12 films honored at a presentation ceremony given by the British Film Academy in London on March 25.
- ★ A new labor act giving wide powers to the labor minister was introduced on March 25 in the British Columbia Legislature. It gives the minister the right to appoint conciliation officers, conciliation boards and mediation boards and outlaw sympathy and wildcat strikes.
- ★ The Humanities Research Council announced on March 26 the award of 25 pre-doctoral fellowships (value from \$1,000 to \$2,000) and 18 post-doctoral grants in aid of research.
- ★ On March 27 Harry S. Southam, distinguished Canadian newspaper publisher, art patron and sportsman, died in Ottawa at the age of 78.
- ★ On March 29 the External Affairs Department announced the appointment of C. S. A. Ritchie as new Canadian ambassador to West Germany and of E. W. T. Gill as new Canadian high commissioner to South Africa.
- ★ The Toronto Subway — the first in Canada — was opened on March 30.
- ★ The boyhood home of W. L. Mackenzie King at Woodside near Kitchener, Ont., will be developed by the Federal Government as a national historic park.
- ★ The Research Department of the Canadian Congress of Labor reported on March 31 that the economic outlook for labor in Canada was "disquieting."
- ★ On March 31 Newfoundland had been a Canadian province for five years. Her way of life has changed drastically. The all-out industrialization on which she staked her future is still a gamble, though her 365,000 people are far more prosperous. In 1949 only one family in 16 owned a car; now the ratio is one in four. The decline in fishing is the biggest cause for concern.
- ★ Trade Minister Howe said on April 1 that the U.S. decision to curtail rye imports was a breach of an international trade pact.
- ★ February sales of television sets in Canada rose to 38,785 from 34,890 in January, but sales of radio-receivers fell from 34,946 in January to 33,678 in February.
- ★ General Motors (Oshawa) produced and shipped more passenger cars for Canadian consumers in the first quarter of this year than in the corresponding three months of 1953.
- ★ A budget White Paper, tabled on April 5 in the House of Commons, showed that Canadians — other than farmers — earned more, saved more and spent more in 1953 than at any time in history.
- ★ The CBC won seven first awards and three honorable mentions in the 18th American Exhibition of Educational Radio and Television programs sponsored by Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio, on April 4. The NFB won two of the top ten prizes at a film festival at Chicago.
- ★ Britain's Old Vic Theatre Company will tour the United States and Canada this fall with a production of "Midsummer Night's Dream."
- ★ The fight against the proposed new Labor Relations Act in British Columbia waxed bitter on April 2 as labor representatives called it an attempt to snatch food from workers' families.
- ★ Canada will send a special mission to Spain and Portugal soon in an attempt to work out new bilateral trade pacts.
- ★ Parliament will be asked at this session to extend additional financial assistance to Canada's old age security fund, which has been "in the red" since the 1952 inauguration of pensions to all citizens 70 and over.
- ★ A Government White Paper, tabled on April 5 in the Commons, showed budgetary spending on defence of \$1,889,600,000 for the fiscal year ending March 31, down \$81,600,000 from the year before, but still 48 per cent of expenditure.
- ★ Canada had an unfavorable balance of trade in 1953 of \$467,000,000.
- ★ The budget presented by Finance Minister Abbott on April 6 revealed a cut in taxes of \$36,000,000.
- ★ The Federal Government has refused to make any special concessions for the provincial income tax being imposed by Premier Duplessis in Quebec.
- ★ On April 11 an RCAF test pilot flying a Sabre jet broke the Vancouver-to-Ottawa air-speed record established by the RCAF's Comet jetliner. Sqdn. Ldr. Robert Christie of Vancouver covered the 2,298 miles in 3 hours and 46 minutes.
- ★ A three-week tour of Canada by six Soviet concert stars will touch at least nine Canadian cities from Montreal to Vancouver, beginning with Toronto on April 21. The group includes a violinist, a pianist, a singer and two ballet dancers.
- ★ Dr. C. T. Bissell, vice-president of the University of Toronto, is going to Australia from May to August at the invitation of the Australian vice-chancellors' committee to lecture on Canadian history and letters, as part of a scheme for the development of Commonwealth studies.
- ★ Three Canadian research workers in medicine (Dr. Donald Fraser from the U. of Toronto, Dr. J. C. Bech from McGill and Dr. R. M. Cherniak from the U. of Manitoba) are among the 25 scholars who have received appointments from the John and Mary R. Markle Foundation, New York City.

## London Diary

► WHEN THE BRITISH House of Commons is packed, the intentionally inadequate seating, the narrow gangways and the soft light make for an audience whose mood and character can alter with the speed of sound like the changing pattern on a radar screen. The debate on the hydrogen bomb gave us an example of this power of rapid response. A careful, questioning, statesman's speech from Mr. Attlee set the temper of the House. The Prime Minister began by echoing this note of subdued concern and then suddenly brought into his brief an unhappy piece of party slashing. The immediate reaction was uproar. Sir Winston had said that the socialists, when in power, had abandoned the right to be consulted and informed on the development of atomic weapons. There is considerable doubt as to whether his interpretation of the course of events between the Quebec Agreement and the passing of the McMahon Act is balanced and just. There was no doubt at all that his introduction of the party wrangle shredded the debate and wrecked an opportunity for the whole House to give dignified and timely expression to its many misgivings.

The press he received was the worst for years, varying from the admonition of *The Times* that his sense of occasion "deserted him sadly" to the comments of the tabloid *Daily Mirror* whose figures of speech are sometimes more pungent than precise: "It was like watching a great and mighty oak weakened by time swaying in the blast of the bomb." This was another side to a complex and finely-wrought character. Imaginative, stirring, capable of creating a deep unity, he can, at a turn, blot it all with one bad stroke—and then return tomorrow and fashion it anew. It may be part of the backwash of responsibility and greatness but it must be a wearing business. Since last May he had had great Opposition support, but at the end of his hydrogen speech their anger with him turned, as one correspondent put it, "to a weary contempt deadlier than the sharpest of their barbed shafts." The incident is unlikely to affect either his personal plans or the life of his government. But it was very saddening.

\* \* \* \*

Britain's TV Magazine gave up a whole program recently to the H-bomb. Assembling an atomic scientist, a controversial air strategist, members of Parliament, Bertrand Russell and the Archbishop of York in the same hour, it demonstrated, not only British television at its rare, engrossing best, but the very general moral concern and factual interest that prevails here. The recorded interview with a key Congressman in which he remarked on the smallness of his mailbag on the subject came as a jolt to most British viewers. Conversation is sustained and widespread on the topic. *The Times* let it be known in a leading article that the letters it had received reached a flood, with practically none of them written in the *sauve-qui-peut* vein. The newspapers of bigger circulation have caught on their broader antennae

the waves of popular qualm and have faithfully recorded their findings.

TV in Britain is frequently charged with appealing mainly to the lowest common multiple of popular taste. In this instance it did just that in the most effective, instructive, opinion-forming way. The thermo-nuclear processes were described and illustrated with great clarity and the minimum of cant. The strategist argued for the possession of the bomb as a means of making large-scale war unthinkable and of restoring conventional arms to their proper role in the local conflicts that he thought to be inevitable. Russell saw the occasion as an opportunity for the more powerful neutrals to bring the shock of sanity to the embittered councils of great powers. The Archbishop discussed its value as a deterrent and then used the moment and its proximity to Easter for a warning and an exhortation and a reminder to the Christian that, if all fails, there may be consolations to come.

The whole program seemed to tap the main sources of moral and political and scientific concern and, in its flow, to reflect the attitude of the bewildered but probing citizen.

\* \* \* \*

The London theatre world has just treated J. B. Priestley as cavalierly as it did Peter Ustinov a short time ago. It despatched a new Priestley play after five performances. It now awaits, with higher expectations, a new Christopher Fry, "The Dark is Light Enough," which is at present in the pro-

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KING OF THE UNITERS ABOUT TO BE CROWNED

vinces with Dame Edith Evans in the lead. A new, current success is a dramatization by John van Druten of Isherwood's stories of pre-Hitler Berlin. The play, "I am a Camera," stars Dorothy Tutin, a young, wise, sensitive actress who came to fame in "The Living Room." This was a Graham Greene piece on immorality and religion, a theme from which Greene has, for some years, been drawing new subtleties and a steady income.

The significant art exhibition of the moment is to be found in the Diploma Gallery of Burlington House where the Royal Academy is paying Augustus John a comprehensive compliment with a showing of four hundred and fifty of his drawings, paintings and recent bronzes. The span of his work enables critics seriously to discuss whether he suffered a decline about 1920. His drawings — women's heads and child studies in particular — are superbly done, subtle but bewitching. His portraits show both the breadth and the troughs of his talent (among the best there is a fine head and shoulders of Bernard Shaw asleep) but to the ordinary visitor there is a special pleasure to be found in moving round the walls slowly marking the changes of style and strength and then coming late and suddenly (as late as No. 380 in the catalogue) upon the first of some excellent flowerpieces — still-life of great depth.

"Lyric rather than heroic" is the general comment on his life's work but it makes a most enjoyable exhibition.

\* \* \* \*

The recurring theme of Commonwealth relations can be heard again in the political airs of the moment. Partly, it was introduced by a private member's motion in the House of Commons. It suggested that changes since 1939 had created a new set of relationships between the U.K. and the Commonwealth and Empire and that the functions of the Colonial Office and the Commonwealth Relations Office need to be re-examined. This led, in turn, to rumors about plans for a two-tier Commonwealth.

Mainly, however, the discussion was set off by the completion of the Royal progress through Australasia and Ceylon. Australia seems suddenly to have been re-discovered, some naive reporting in the style of Captain Cook as well as more academic comment on the "New Australia" have led to rapid reassessments of Britain-Dominion relationships. Two admirable talks given by a young Australian on the BBC's Third Program gave real insight into the nature of this "connection". It showed why many sensitive Australians still feel the need to be Europeans as well, while others now find that they live in a land which, through the eyes of its poets at least, has found maturity.

But in none of these discussions is there any comparative comment. One would think that is now the most important point to investigate. What are the differences between the Australian and the Canadian and in their attitudes to the Old Country? What have they fundamentally in common? Does the secessionist tradition of Western Australia have an affinity with the agrarian protest movements of the prairies? Is there a basic difference of social structure? To the Briton who knows both lands or who wants to see beyond the differences of dollar and sterling, snow and surf, this seems to be the obvious approach to the appreciation of Commonwealth relations — and long overdue.

\* \* \* \*

Design — industrial, household as well as "pure" — has become a matter of widespread concern only in the last few decades. It should then be of transatlantic interest that an organization that has been concerned with this and many other kinds of improvements has just celebrated its bicentenary. On March 22nd, 1754, in Rawthmell's Coffee House, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, the first meeting was

held of the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce," now known as the Royal Society of Arts.

A catalogue is the only way in which to show the range of inventions, exhibitions, social reform measures and innovations in the fine arts for which this society had been responsible. It held the first public exhibition of pictures; it offered prizes for drawing which encouraged Landseer at the age of ten and Millais when he was nine. In its very early days it offered prizes for designs in textiles, wallpapers, furniture and toys. In the art of husbandry it rewarded inventors for a vast range of new farm implements. Improved methods of fire escape, lighthouse keeping and life-saving at sea all came within its innovating ken. It helped to establish the Royal College of Music. Both electric lighting and the phonograph were demonstrated in the society back in 1878.

Dr. Johnson, Hogarth and Reynolds, Adam the architect, Gibbon, Howard the prison reformer, Benjamin Franklin, Garrick and Goldsmith were all members in their time.

This quite private society, now with some six thousand members, has an amazing record of pump-priming in almost every branch of art and science. When it appeared to be redundant in the eighteen-forties, two men re-shaped it — the tenacious Prince Albert and the ingenious Henry Cole. Cole was a remarkable figure in his own right. He had campaigned for the penny post and the broad railway gauge, had commissioned the first Christmas cards ever to be printed and (without even travelling through the Rockies) had conceived the idea of illustrating maps for railway passengers to show them where they were going. Albert and Cole saw that the society could help to "wed mechanical skill with high art." The result was the Great Exhibition of 1851.

In the view of many the Royal Society is again at a crisis of function. It remains to be seen whether, under the presidency of another young and able consort, it will take a new lease of life in its third century.

\* \* \* \*

One of the unexplained failures of the Royal Society was the building of the first two public lavatories. The strange fact is that they were ignored. The one built for gentlemen had only fifty-eight visitors in a month. Regrettably, the accounts leave so many fascinating questions unanswered. If only there had been a Dr. Gallup then! Eventually the value of the general idea was appreciated by the London County Council and they have never looked back.

The difficulty may only have been one of nomenclature. Suppose that now all London's lavatories were suddenly to be called "Rest Rooms" or "Comfort Stations". The Englishman, conservative and suspicious in his habits and phrases, would almost certainly steer clear.

GORDON HAWKINS



# The "Voluntary" Approach to Health Insurance in Canada

Albert Rose

► WITH RESPECT to one of the current major issues in public social policy, namely, the method whereby health services shall be provided and financed, Canadians have for some time been exhibiting a most fascinating schizoid tendency. On one hand, interest in a program of so-called "health insurance" to be developed *under governmental auspices* has mounted considerably during the past three or four years. On the other hand, without much fuss or fanfare, a great many Canadians have managed to "insure" themselves against (in fact, to prepay) some of the costs of health care in a variety of ways, but largely *under private auspices* of Medical and Hospital Associations and through the insurance companies.

These trends were apparent nearly three years ago when Trans-Canada Medical Services was launched with the blessing of the Canadian Medical Association in an attempt to co-ordinate a number of separate provincial or municipal medical care plans.<sup>1</sup> The objective of this program was stated by the President of the C.M.A. to be the provision of "a better alternative to government health insurance."

In the same month, June, 1951, figures published in the *Canadian Doctor* revealed that eight of the eleven "prepayment medical care plans" described therein (Blue Cross was not included, although two plans were entirely for hospital services) had been incorporated during the years 1946-49. This development was obviously a most significant and growing post-war phenomenon. Total enrolment in 1950 was nearly 40 per cent greater than in the previous year.

Reliable and more adequate data are now available for the years 1950-52.<sup>2</sup> The facts and estimates presented in what appears to be the first publication of the Joint Committee on Health Insurance organized by the All Canada Insurance Federation and the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association, are worthy of widespread and serious consideration.

The Joint Committee describes its booklet as "a story of striking achievement . . . of how Canadians have voluntarily obtained a great measure of protection against the financial hazards of accident and sickness . . . Equally significant is the fact that most of these people have acquired this protection in the last ten years." The preface continues: "Through a variety of private agencies, 5,500,000 citizens are insured against the burden of hospital costs. Nearly 4,000,000 have purchased surgical expense insurance. Approximately 3,000,000 have the newest form of protection—medical expense insurance."

The most significant facts have been extracted and arranged in four tables. Both the design of the tables and some of the calculations are original to this article.

<sup>1</sup> Albert Rose, "National Health Insurance," *The Canadian Forum* Vol. XXXI, No. 368, September 1951, pp. 123-25.

<sup>2</sup> The Joint Committee on Health Insurance, *Financing Health Services in Canada*, Toronto, The Joint Committee, February 1954, pp. 31.

## Any Book You Want

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TABLE I  
NUMBER OF CANADIANS COVERED BY VOLUNTARY HEALTH INSURANCE

(Selected Years—Excluding Estimated Duplication)

Category	1945 '000	1950 '000	Percent Change	1952 '000	Percent Change
Hospital Expense	1,900	4,431	+133	5,493	+24
Surgical Expense	700	2,586	+269	3,958	+53
Medical Expense	260	1,645	+533	2,907	+77

Although the Joint Committee expresses the view that "Over this period (1940 on), the most significant gain among the different types of voluntary protection has occurred in the hospital expense field," Table I indicates that this has not been so, at least since 1945. Since 1950 the number covered for surgical and medical expense increased at a rate two and three times as great, respectively, as enrolment for hospitalization. This is due, of course, to the fact that a far greater proportion of the Canadian population is already covered for hospital services, either under voluntary or public programs.

TABLE II  
PROPORTION OF CANADIAN POPULATION INSURED UNDER VOLUNTARY PLANS  
(1950-52—Excluding Estimated Duplication)

Category	1950 %	1951 %	1952 %
Hospital Expense	32.0	35.9	37.6
Surgical Expense	18.7	23.2	27.1
Medical Expense	11.9	15.5	19.9

TABLE III  
NATURE OF COVERAGE OF CANADIAN POPULATION FOR HOSPITAL EXPENSE  
(1942 and 1952)

Nature of Coverage	Per cent of Total Population	
	1942	1952
Voluntary Coverage	6	37
Government Programs	5	20
No Coverage	89	43

The Joint Committee estimates that 2,670,000 Canadians were covered for hospital expense in 1952 through the British Columbia Hospital Insurance Service, the Saskatchewan Hospital Services Plan, the provincially-subsidized Municipal Hospital Plans in Alberta and the Cottage Hospital Plan in Newfoundland. These programs account for the twenty per cent of population covered under Government Programs. Their existence explains, also, the very wide variation in the proportion of population covered under the Voluntary Plans in the respective provinces and regions. With a national average of 37.6 per cent coverage for hospital expense, (Table II), the proportion ranges from a low of 3.0 per cent in British Columbia to a high of 64.6 per cent in Ontario. In the other provinces or regions the proportion is 30 per cent or less.

If the population of Canada were adjusted for those covered by Government Programs (Table III), the proportion with voluntary coverage for hospital expense would be about 45 per cent. It can be seen, therefore, that the great growth in hospital coverage has been accomplished. The most rapid growth is already taking place in surgical and medical expense coverage. The regional variation in surgical coverage ranges from 16.5 per cent of population in the Maritimes to 36.0 per cent in Ontario. For medical coverage the low is 14.5 per cent of population in the Prairie Provinces and the high is 23.3 per cent in Ontario.

Which agencies provide the prime impetus for these developments? If mere numbers are a satisfactory criterion, the

answer is plain—the insurance companies, largely, through both group contracts and individual policies.

TABLE IV  
ENROLMENT AND SOURCES OF VOLUNTARY  
HEALTH INSURANCE  
(1950 and 1952—Including Estimated Duplication)

Nature of Insurance and Type of Insurer	Number Enrolled 1950 '000	Number Enrolled 1952 '000	Per cent Change
<i>A. Hospital Expenses</i>			
Insurance Companies:			
Group	1,269	1,870	+ 47
Individual	642	833	+ 30
Blue Cross Plans	2,702	3,020	+ 12
Medical Care Plans	55	60	+ 9
Co-op Plans	82	160	+ 95
<i>B. Surgical Expense</i>			
Insurance Companies:			
Group	1,242	1,926	+ 55
Individual	316	420	+ 33
Blue Cross Plans	560	793	+ 42
Medical Care Plans	662	1,084	+ 64
Co-op Plans	14	46	+ 230
<i>C. Medical Expense</i>			
Insurance Companies:			
Group	526	1,094	+ 108
Individual	130	169	+ 30
Blue Cross Plans	412	716	+ 74
Medical Care Plans	661	1,084	+ 64
Co-op Plans	4	10	+ 150

In the words of the Joint Committee: "Insurance companies, Blue Cross plans, and medical care plans sponsored by the medical profession are the principal agencies in the voluntary health insurance field in Canada. Other expense protection is provided by insurance co-operatives, fraternal benefit societies and employee benefit associations. During 1951 and 1952 every agency experienced an increase in the number of people covered, indicating that all voluntary plans are well adapted to meet the needs of Canadians."

Mere numbers, of course, are not a satisfactory criterion, and the figures on enrolment can scarcely indicate "that all voluntary plans are well adapted to meet the needs of Canadians." The fact seems to be that the insurance companies, and the professional association-dominated plans are in the midst of an all-out effort to "cover" vast numbers of citizens in an endeavor to head off further governmental activity in the health field. In this objective they are assisted greatly by the general taxpayer, in that an employer is permitted to deduct contributions to group insurance plans as a legitimate business expense prior to corporate income tax. Moreover, most citizens are in a state of chronic anxiety with respect to the costs of health care and are greatly intrigued with the prospect of budgeting (prepaying) such expenses. They cannot literally afford to be without some such protection. In short, most of the trump cards are in the hands of the salesmen.

We, the buyers, are in a most interesting position. As employees we have a fair chance of obtaining a certain degree of protection against the ruination of catastrophic costs of illness, at the sole expense of the employer or in conjunction with him. As citizens we have no alternative (with the exception of hospitalization in four provinces and medical care in one region of one province) except

the choice of remaining "uninsured." The so-called "Voluntary Plans" then, have clearly become compulsory for most Canadians.

In a word, the facts presented by the Joint Committee serve to confirm what a good many of us have suspected and some have feared—given five more years, the vested interest of Canadians in the so-called "Voluntary Plans" will be so great and firmly rooted, that a comprehensive governmental health service program will no longer be an urgent social objective, but simply an anti-climax.

(Note: Professor Rose will discuss the pros and cons of the "voluntary" as compared with the "public" approach to the provision and financing of health services in a second article in an early issue.)

## A NEW LABOR CRISIS IN QUEBEC

(Continued from front page)

passing a new law which again puts a ban upon the Alliance because of strike actions which it committed almost five years ago.

The officials of the three labor federations in the province, the Trades and Labour Congress, the CCL and the Catholic Federation of Labor, issued strong public protests against Bill 19 as soon as its details were revealed. Romeo Mathieu, Secretary of the recently formed Quebec Federation of Labor - CCL, termed it a step towards totalitarianism in the province of Quebec. Roger Provost, the president of the Quebec Federation of Labor - AFL - TLC, attacked it as a useless and dangerous measure which could delay indefinitely the recognition of any labor union in the province. Gerard Picard, the president of the Catholic Federation of Labor was even more emphatic in its condemnation.

Protests also came from outside of the province of Quebec. The National Political Action Committee of the CCL issued a statement in Toronto, in which it claimed that Bill 19 was a custom-made tool for reactionary employers. Said the CCL: "This bill constitutes an open invitation to employers to destroy unions and to fire individual employees. Under the cloak of the attempt to combat communism, this action constitutes one of the most serious threats to civil liberties which has appeared in Canada in many years."

The Quebec labor officials are particularly incensed that Duplessis should be invoking the Red bogey in this manner because communist penetration and influence in Quebec labor unions has been decreasing during the past few years. It is now mostly confined to a few unions such as the United Electrical Workers and Fur and Leather Workers, which have been expelled from the ranks of the CCL and CIO. They feel that they have shown themselves capable of dealing with this problem themselves without any uninvited assistance from the Provincial Government.

The first move made by the Federations in November 1953, when they got wind of the government's intentions, was to demand that Bills 19 and 20 be submitted by Duplessis for consideration to the Superior Labor Council of Quebec. This body, composed of representatives of labor and of management and of the Catholic Church, acts in an advisory capacity to the Provincial Government in labor and social questions and has displayed a certain amount of liberalism in its attitude on such matters in the past. It was hoped that the Council would have enough influence over Duplessis to cause him to change his mind. Duplessis paid no heed to this suggestion and little heed to the unions' other protests. In January 1954, he brought Bills 19 and 20 into the Quebec Legislature with a few unimportant changes.

He was able to get the bills through the two Houses of the Legislature without very much difficulty. In the Lower

House, the Liberals were too weak to put up much opposition, and, despite their boast of being the champions of the Quebec working man, the Liberal leaders, Lapalme and Marler, were ineffective and half hearted in their protests.

But the Quebec labor federations were determined not to give up the fight. The CCL and the Catholic Federation of Labor joined with Guindon's Alliance of Teachers in a common front against Duplessis' anti-union policies. The AFL-TLC officials refused to join with them because they felt they had sufficient influence with the Provincial Government to get Duplessis to remove the most objectionable features of Bill 19 without the aid of the other groups. They sent a delegation to the Premier for this purpose but, thus far, their efforts do not seem to have produced any results.

In the meantime, the two other Federations together with Guindon's group decided to stage the first mass protest ever held by labor in the province of Quebec against the policies of the Provincial Government. A special train was chartered which took well over a thousand representatives of the CCL and the Catholic Federation of Labor unions in the Montreal area to Quebec City. En route, they were joined by more union members from the Three Rivers and the Eastern Townships regions. A parade was held through the streets of Quebec and a mass meeting took place in the Palais Montcalm Auditorium at which over two thousand unionists were present from areas as far distant as the strike bound mines in northwestern Quebec. Jean Marchand, the Secretary of the Catholic Federation, Gerard Rancourt, the President of the CCL Montreal Labor Council, and other officials vigorously attacked the fascist tendencies of the Union Nationale and announced that they would fight until this vicious legislation was removed from the statute books. This impressive display of labor solidarity and strength would have been quite impossible in French Canada ten years ago; it shows the rapidity with which the union movement here is growing in size and militancy. Undoubtedly it made some impression on the members of the Legislature and upon the residents of Quebec City. The two Federations have been continuing this campaign with mass meetings in the industrial centres of the province such as Arvida, Sorel and Montreal.

One result of these new actions of the Duplessis Government has been the stimulation of the political consciousness both of the CCL and of the Catholic Federation of Labor. The officials of both federations are deeply dissatisfied with the failure of the Liberal Opposition under Georges Lapalme to make a strong and determined fight against bills 19 and 20 when they were introduced into the Quebec Legislature. The conviction is growing that there is little to choose between the policies of the Liberals and the Union Nationale in labor matters. There is increasing talk in labor circles in Montreal of the formation of a new left wing party in French Canada which would receive strong labor backing but which would confine its activities to the Quebec provincial field. Such a new group would probably be sympathetic to the CCF program on the national level. The Catholic Federation of Labor has already formed a Political Action Committee and in the last provincial election which took place in August, 1952, it helped to elect several pro-labor Liberal candidates in the Three Rivers District and in the Eastern Townships.

This new alliance between the CCL and the Catholic Federation of Labour is symptomatic of the great changes taking place in French Canada. The breach between the Duplessis Administration and the Catholic Federation of Labor began in 1949 at the time of the celebrated asbestos strike, when the Catholic group began for the first time to act like a real labor organization instead of an agency of the employers and the conservative wing of the clergy. This

cleavage was further widened by the bloody events which took place in the little textile town of Louiseville when the Provincial Government suppressed in a most brutal manner, a strike which was being conducted by a local of the Catholic Textile Workers. As the top officials of the Catholic Federations such as Gerard Picard and Marchand have made stronger claims for the rights of labor to a share in management, Duplessis has come to regard them as among his chief enemies in the ranks of organized labor. And lately, as its officials have discarded some of their narrowly French Canadian aspirations, the attitudes and objectives of the Catholic Federation have been coming closer to those of the Canadian Congress of Labor.

It is also significant that a Catholic group here should form the spearhead of the opposition to the Duplessis Regime which has always boasted of its role as the defender of the rights and interests of the Catholic Church and which has so often used religion for political ends. It shows that there is a clear cleavage within the ranks of the Quebec clergy themselves on labor and social questions. There are groups in the Catholic Church who, as in the case of the asbestos and the Louiseville strikes, support the stand of the Catholic Federation of Labor and who feel that Duplessis is creating dangerous social tensions by his present policies.

The aloof attitude of the AFL-TLC officials toward this new militant movement has been governed to some extent by its recent relations with the Quebec Government. Duplessis' policy in labor matters has always been to play on the rivalries and the antagonisms between the various labor federations in the province by favoring one group at the expense of the others. A decade ago, when the Catholic Federation of Labor was very conservative and ultra-nationalist in its stand, he tended to grant it special concessions and to adopt a repressive attitude toward the AFL and other international unions. Now that this situation has been reversed and that the Catholic group has become considerably more radical than the AFL, the latter federation has become the recipient of his special favors. During the past two or three years, certain locals of AFL unions in Quebec have been finding it much easier to get legal recognition from the authorities at Quebec City than some of the Catholic ones. It is principally for this reason that the AFL has tried to play a lone hand in the present developments. But if the current agitation becomes deep and widespread enough, its officials may be forced to participate or lose the support of their members.

A complete fusion between the different labor groups in French Canada is still a long way off. The Catholic union officials themselves are wavering and inconstant in their attitudes on such questions. At one moment, they will attack the TLC and the CCL on account of their American affiliations and they will call for the creation of an independent Canadian national labor movement free of ties with the United States. A few months later, as in the present crisis, they will beg the other two Federations for aid against the Provincial Government. A close and durable alliance between the TLC and the Catholic group would be especially difficult not only because of the difference of viewpoint between the two federations on questions of the socialization of industry but also because the TLC officials have keen and vivid memories of a period, not so long ago, when they were the object of bitter attack by certain groups among the Catholic clergy and by the extreme nationalist elements in the Catholic Federation. This causes them to distrust any offers of friendship on the part of Picard and Marchand today. However, even without this alliance, it is going to be more and more difficult for Quebec politicians of either party to ignore with impunity the growing voices of organized labor.

## The Role of Tuberculosis in Literary Genius

Jacob Markowitz

► I, TOO, TALK TO MYSELF, but, like you, have exhausted my repertoire, so that now I find myself a terrible bore. And possibly like you, I have discovered a remedy. Although I hardly ever touch the stuff except in the evening, I take a few drinks. Soon my conversation brightens up; I listen more appreciatively, and I have background music. The things that I say become winged with fancy, and iridescent with paradox. The light that never was on sea or land, for me and probably for you, incandesces readily with alcohol. Soon I hear a slight buzzing sound like the noise in an airliner when it meets a radio beam. I listen most carefully for this, the opening bar of the heavenly orchestra, which indicates to me that I have one-tenth of one per cent alcohol in my blood; a good glow, but only that, if I have judged it aright.

O hark! O hear! How thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going,  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scaur,  
The Horns of Elfland *faintly* blowing. (The italics are mine.)

"But," you will say, "that sort of thing is all very well for those that like that sort of thing, but it isn't practical to be half-tight all the time. One has work to do, and besides, the stuff is too dear." Well, if you are going to be prissy about it, I have an alternative plan (and this is the point of my essay): get yourself heavily infected with pulmonary tuberculosis. Modern drugs have made it almost entirely safe, and a benevolent government will look after you like a stepmother. In the meanwhile, the chances are even that you will get a jag that is superior to alcohol in two respects: it is more sustained, and it heightens rather than dulls the mental faculties.

A significant factor in the decline of fine writing today is the shortage of consumptives. Literature would be much poorer if we deleted the contributions of insane genius, drunkards, drug addicts, and above all, of the tuberculous patient. Lest you demur at the outset, let me remind you about Keats and R. L. Stevenson. Did you know that the following too were "lungers," to mention at random only a few: the Bronte sisters, Tom Moore, Washington Irving, Emerson, Katherine Mansfield, James Elroy Flecker, Eugene O'Neill, Thomas Mann (remember the "Magic Mountain"?), and our own beloved poetess, Marjorie Pickthall.

Today, parenthetically speaking, we worry about vascular disease, and we are only just now learning the reason for its enormous frequency: Mammy's little baby loves shortening, quite naturally. It appears that shortening shortens not only cooking time, but, in excess, shortens the human life span. Everyone is in a hurry and fries food instead of boiling it. Stews are seldom served. Also, everything is laced with fat: cream in cheese, cream in coffee, French fried potatoes, larded roasts, ice cream, broiled fish swimming in butter. Few eat bread without butter any more. Now, tampering with the dietary habits of a race is always hazardous. It must have cost the Asiatics fifty million lives before one learned that to polish the husks off rice is to impair its value seriously as a food (beri-beri). Every turkey farmer knows (or should know, by crickey) that if you enrich the diet of turkeys with too many meat scraps (over twenty per cent) they become crippled with gout and die; and it is now becoming evident that this wonderful thing, fat, has to be used in moderation, or it settles in human blood vessels and injures them. *Yea, let*

*thy soul delight itself in fatness* (Isaiah 55:2) implies temperance, alas, as with wine.

Be that as it may, whereas in this century the great error seems to be dietetic, in the last century it was overcrowding, as a result of industrial expansion. Under these conditions, tuberculosis spread like whooping-cough in a school, with the natural history of the disease requiring years, instead of weeks, to display itself. Everyone lived in horror of it. It became "Captain of All the Men of Death," "The Great White Plague," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and it caused twenty-five per cent of all deaths. It took its pick from the bravest, the wisest, and the best of the race; and, as if to show our kinship with other primates, it is even yet the great scourge of captive and laboratory monkeys. (See Axel Munthe's story "For Those Who Love Music.")

One can easily find in history one hundred geniuses who were tuberculous and in whom the disease produced an immense mental and emotional uplift. In the literary world this has led to such characteristic excoriating effluvia as "Ode to a Nightingale" (Keats) and "Hassan" (Flecker). In the Arts and Sciences, it has given us Raphael's paintings, Spinoza's philosophy, Mozart's music, Laennec's *Traité d'Auscultation Médiate*, and Ehrlich's Side-Chain Theory. (Ehrlich spat blood and found acid-fast bacilli in his sputum, thereby establishing the definitive method for searching for these bacteria in exudates.) The beautiful hymn, "Abide With Me," was written by a tuberculous clergyman as he lay dying of the disease; he had displayed no such literary talent prior to his illness.

Even today one per cent of the population has active tuberculosis, and this figure disappointingly persists in spite of well organized case finding programs. Although it ranks not first but seventh in the list of causes of death, it is still youth's chief enemy — being the commonest cause of death between the ages of 17 and 35. Annually about 60,000 die from the disease in the United States and Canada. If by a macabre arithmetic we measure it by the number of years it snuffs out, it is still the leading cause of death because it takes its toll chiefly of the young. This explains why Life Insurance Companies are still het-up about it.

"La Phalène," by Henri Bataille, portrays the effect of tuberculosis on temperament and behavior, the life of the heroine paralleling that of Marie Bashkirtseff. Dumas, the younger, wrote a play about tuberculosis based on real life, "La Dame aux Camélias." In "Camille," the tuberculous heroine is made to shine with a brilliant mental and emotional light. Fishberg in his textbook, *Pulmonary Tuberculosis*, states: "Tuberculosis patients, particularly young talented individuals, display enormous intellectual capacity of a creative kind. Especially is this to be noted in those who are of the artistic temperament, or who have a talent for imaginative writings. They are in a constant state of nervous irritability, but, despite the fact that it hurts their physical condition, they keep on working and produce their best work." However, to parody De Quincey, if a man whose talk is of oxen should become consumptive, he would still talk about oxen. The disease intensifies what is there: it does not create genius, but makes it manifest.

Sydney Lanier believed that his disease had much to do with his artistic creation. During his career he had moments of seemingly good health, during which he worked at white heat. His poem "Sunrise" was composed as he was dying.

John Addington Symonds felt that tuberculosis had done much for his writings. When Robert Louis Stevenson was disabled by tuberculosis, he wrote, "A Child's Garden of Verses," "The Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Kidnapped." Although much of his life was a battle with consumption, he died suddenly of an apoplectic stroke.

I asked my spouse to select four random specimens of tubercular genius from a list the other day. "Each one of these fifty cards, Handsome, has the name of a genius who happened to be tubercular. Pick out four because I want a random sampling." "O.K.", said Handsome, "The things you doctors think about!"

The first card drawn by Handsome was that of Walt Whitman. To me, as to the late Maurice Hutton, he is the frothiest and most superficial of the bellmen of democracy. At the post-mortem examination of Whitman who died at the age of 74, the old man was found to be a museum of disease. His right lung was eaten away by tuberculosis, only one-eighth being suitable for breathing. There were: extensive tuberculous empyema on the left side, general miliary tuberculosis and tuberculous abscesses of various bones. The liver was fatty, there were gall stones, and the kidneys were nephritic. During life he had suffered from a stroke. I attribute the ecstatic note of Whitman's poetry, crapulous as it obviously is, to his chronic tuberculosis. His writings bamboozled a few original minds and the rest followed. Only twelve copies of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (1855) were sold. Copies of this same first edition have fetched fantastic sums in recent years, like stamps, and for similar reasons. Time deals kindly with prose, so that even a legal document of a hundred years ago acquires a certain poetic flavor when read today. This accounts for some of the charm of very little of his writing that might seem poetic. To decide if Whitman wrote good poetry one must perform a standard test: lay it alongside the best of the classics; in Canada, alongside Pratt, Birney, Klein, Pickthall, Lampman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, and compare it line for line, emotion for emotion. By this test, Whitman will be labelled a Nut, and should so have been clept, had it not been for that interesting ten per cent of the populace who comprise the hallmark of true democracy — the inveterate dissenters. It is through the screw-balls in our midst that he acquired his mythical stature. There is no proposition so self-evident, but this group disputes it. In their ranks one finds the out-and-out pacifist, the antivisectionist, the antivaccinationist, the naturopath, the vegetarian, the religious fanatic, the devotee of non-objective art, the vociferous atheist, the barrack-room lawyer, the nudist, the opponent of capital punishment — and all punishment, etc. Perhaps you remember these cults as they functioned before the War, when Bernarr MacFadden was still going good. Their mottoes varied but had a similar style:

- (a) The downward bend plus the upward look, peanuts, raisins and the acrobatic dance.
- (b) Deep breathing, a work-out at the gym and a cold bath daily.
- (c) Free love plus Workers of the World Unite.
- (d) The whiter your bread the sooner you're dead. The more sugar you soak the faster you'll croak.
- (e) Eat like a horse and you'll be as strong as a horse (Vegetarianism).
- (f) Religion is the opium of the people.
- (g) Colonic irrigation for internal cleanliness; vaccination is filth; chiropractic for health, etc.

I knew one character who swore that good health was socially undesirable, that the finest temperaments lived in sick bodies, and that vulgar good health led to an animal-like personality . . . These are the folk who put Whitman across, and he was inevitably their spokesman. Students, however, have difficulty enjoying this wooden apple which is being sold to them as fine-flavored fruit. The present decline in poetic appreciation in North America is due to Whitman. I have heard a student say, "If this is great poetry, you may include me out." "Life before Dishonor" could have been his motto, with the subheading: "Barbaric Yawp, So What!" Most

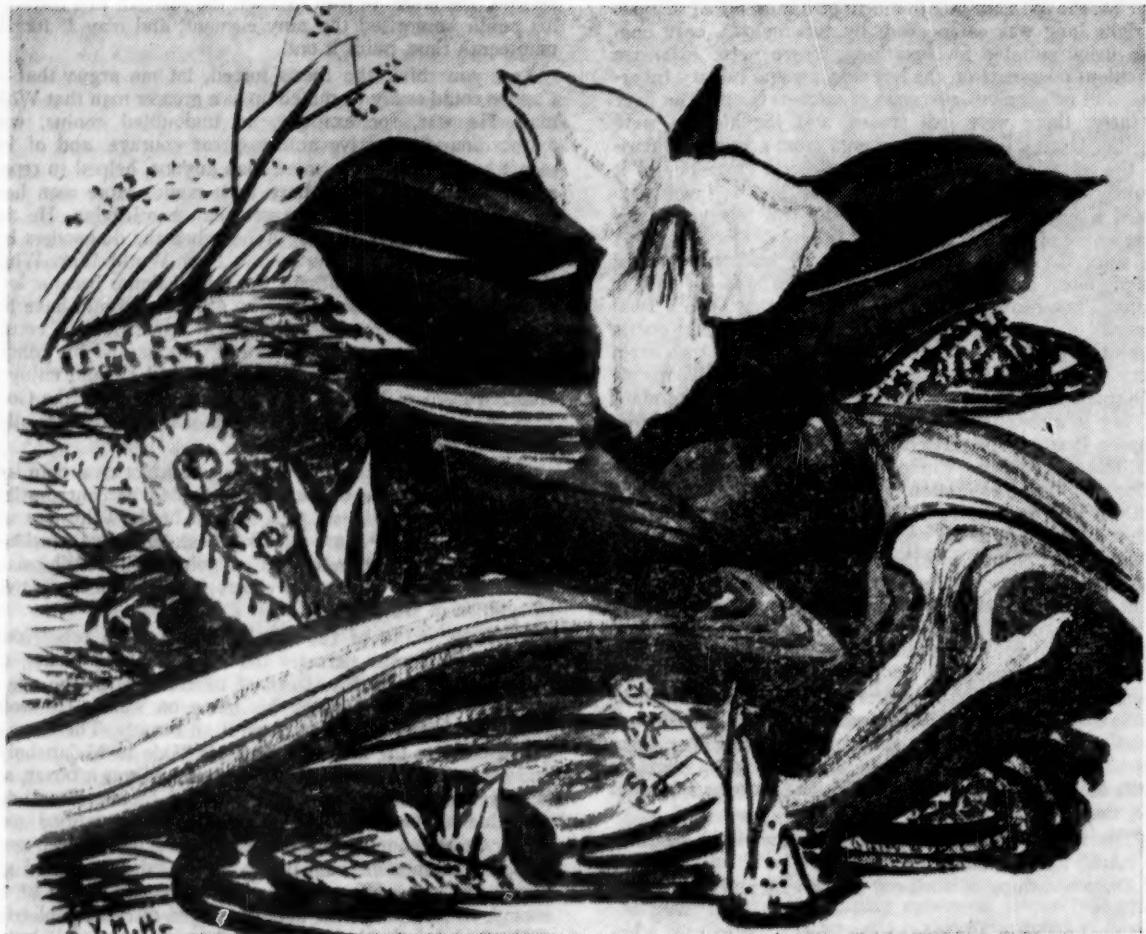
people are ashamed of their vices, but not this braggart, this liar, who shamelessly wrote about his perversions, his inanities, and his puerilities. By clinging to the stately plumes of Lincoln, he succeeded in soaring with him, thereby rendering ridiculous professional critical opinion (like the fly on the axle of Ben Hur's chariot, who said "My, what a dust I'm raising!")

The verdict of professors may here be discounted that Whitman is the American Giant in Literature. Professors of the Arts perforce follow conspicuous public taste; they may be said, therefore, to lead us from the rear. In this instance, his public comprised the zany element, and may I, for the umpteenth time, point it out.

Lest you think the thesis forced, let me argue that Al Capone could easily be puffed up as a greater man than Whitman. He was, for example, an undoubted genius, with extraordinary executive ability, great courage, and of immense social utility: he, more than anyone, helped to repeal a law that should never have been made. More men have been killed and in worse causes than bootlegging. He and others like him kept the flag flying when the do-gooders had stolen a march on us during the First World War. When, thanks to Capone and others, the sale of liquor became legal again, millions went to work, who otherwise would have had to beg. Tragedy is the Story of Man at war with Fate, certain to lose, but fighting bravely — and Capone and his cohorts fought against great odds so that you and I could enjoy in civilized fashion the only beverage bequeathed by the Gods. (Do you see what I mean?) That he made money was all to the good, for he spent lavishly.

The greatest punishment society can inflict on a man is to make him subscribe to what he knows to be contemptible, i.e., to pervert his ideals. The success of the Whitman cult affects me that way. Just to make these comments consistent with the thesis of this essay, let me point out that Whitman's perverted genius was due to tuberculosis. Capone's was due to syphilis of the brain.

Whoever writes of the relationship between tuberculosis and artistic genius narrates the story of John Keats, the second card on my list. Dead of tuberculosis at the age of 26, he felt he had written his name on water. He would have done better to have written it on brandy. There are no finer poems in the language than his "Ode to Melancholy," and his song "To Sorrow." As a boy, Keats was a boxer, and he gave no evidence then of his future career. He studied medicine at Guy's Hospital and actually qualified as a doctor. In the course of his medical studies, he had seen many men and women become ill, go into a "decline," and spit blood. He was consequently aware of every stroke of the enemy. In those days the doctors treated disease by bleeding patients and probably killed more persons than died in battle. Broussais, Napoleon's physician, probably accounted for more dead than his master. *Le médecin, c'est l'ennemi*, has left a tradition that is not yet dead, and permitted such charlatany as chiropractic to get a head start that will be hard to undo. When the human intellect has full play without recourse to the experimental method, it nearly always leads man astray and the early history of medicine is an example. In Keats' day a patient with tuberculosis was bled repeatedly, was confined to bed in a room without fresh air, was given very little to eat. Keats' diet while in England consisted of a single anchovy and a morsel of bread, and when his friend Severn now and then brought him extra food, the doctor in attendance warned him that he would kill his friend by exceeding the prescribed diet. Accompanied by Severn, Keats took a sea voyage to Italy in September 1820 on a small cargo boat. The voyage from London to Naples lasted six weeks. When he reached Rome he was advised to take exercises on horseback. The post-mortem examination



BRUSH DRAWING—YVONNE MCKAGUE HOUSER

showed Keats' lungs to be almost entirely destroyed, and one wonders how he managed to survive during the last two months of his life.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easel death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.

Cecil Rhodes, who is next on my list, studied for holy orders at Oxford. His health broke down at the age of 16 with tuberculosis, when he was sent to join his sister who was ranching in South Africa. When diamonds were discovered in Natal, Cecil Rhodes regained his health, and, in addition, made a huge fortune. Having gone by ox-cart through Africa and made up his mind that it must be British from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, he returned to Oriel College to study. Again his health broke down, and in 1873 he was told that he had less than six months to live if he stayed in England. He returned to South Africa where his health was again restored. He finally settled in Oxford in 1878 after actually taking his degree. He was of the opinion that the hot dry air of South Africa cured him, but, it is probable that the long sea voyage had much to do with his recovery. He finally died of the disease. Here was a man who represented the tuberculous temperament in its most obvious form. All his schemes were vast, and who shall say how much the rise of Anglo-American friendship in this century is due to his generous system of scholarships (two hundred at any one time).

Consumptives are a sad lot. Melancholy is the badge of all their tribe. (Here I digress again: What sadder and sweeter play than Andreyev's, "He Who Gets Slapped" or Chekov's "Cherry Orchard"? Both are pre-Bolshevik consumptive Russians.) To these patients especially can one apply the Vergilian tag, as piercingly sweet in 1954 as when it was written:

*Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

Every age translates *rerum* differently, in accordance with the spirit of the times. Now that E. E. Cummings has a chair of Poetry at Harvard, thereby making his style of poetry officially acceptable, one may render this line, hitherto the despair of schoolboys, in his manner, with acknowledgment in part to a popular song I heard in Detroit a year ago:

As I lie in my bed,  
Crying over the years,  
And my fears,  
Tears  
Run into my ears,  
Etcetera.



With slight changes this metrical arrangement could do for the Horatian Ode, *Eheu fugaces* ("Alas the flying years.") But where am I — Oh, yes, consumptives are sad, and among the saddest and sweetest is Ernest Dowson, the fourth on my list. He died in 1900 at the age of 33. Why the English who hate demonstrativeness should have written so much emotional poetry is remarkable. Dowson's thin volumes are incredibly beautiful. He was hopelessly in love — with an ordinary girl, who of course wouldn't have him because of his poverty, consumption, and incomprehensible sentimentality. Nearly always the ink-wells of poetry are sorrow, vexation, despair, tears.

*"Non sum qualis eram bona sub regnæ Cynarae"*

is the best thing of its kind in English, although the title (from two lines in Horace, Book IV, Ode 1) invites a flippant rendition:

"I'm not the guy I was when you were my queen, baby."

Dowson as stated was poor, and it is the poor who have invented splendor. Listen to it:

I have forgot much Cynara: gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously to the throng,  
Dancing to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind,  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea all the time because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee Cynara, in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire . . .

Poe, (manic-depressive, not tuberculous) had equally splendid visions, viz., "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Raven," "The Fall of the House of Usher," — again drawn from the ink-wells of sorrow, poverty and despair—but that is another story . . .

Fractions from the tubercle bacillus, (which incidentally has a waxy protective capsule) include water-soluble and lipoid (i.e. fat-like) groups. In the former are polysaccharides and proteins, among them tuberculin, the purified protein derivative which is diagnostically useful, and which injected into infected previously sensitized persons evokes fever and signs of illness. It is not a mental stimulant (worse luck, because we have lots of it). However, the substance in the tubercle bacillus which on injection results in the formation of tuberculous tissue, is a lipoid fraction. There are four of these (Sabin and her associates), and allergy to one of them might directly involve the brain, which is largely lipoid. It is a fact (and here I go again for the last time) that commercial pharmaceutical houses have little difficulty in finding a variety of drugs that pep-up the human being mentally and emotionally. There are already numbers of these on sale, but strictly for such medicinal purposes as killing your appetite, or curing a hang-over and other forms of depression. The attempt to peddle drugs as sheer intoxicants, even if one assumes that they are otherwise harmless, would evoke a terrible howl from the do-gooders. Humanity regards biological innovations as perversions. (Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded as much for his introduction of tobacco into England as for anything else.) The ideal intoxicant, Soma, in Aldous Huxley's somber tale, *Brave New World*, could only have been introduced into his world by executive fiat. In Canada, it would have to be sneaked in by subterfuge. I know of several good Somas: some day there will be as many Somas as there are sleeping medicines, each with a different side action. One of them I feel will be related chemically to the toxin of the tubercle bacillus.



The court martial ruled a kick in the side and gouging the stomach had been proved but dismissed the charges of ill-treatment.

(Toronto Star)

A taxi driver today was acquitted on a charge of helping a holdup man escape after he testified the man, and a woman accomplice, were escaping from an irate husband. Mr. Justice Wilfrid Lazure said the testimony was "plausible since these things apparently happen often in Montreal."

(Globe and Mail)

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra asked \$15,000 this year—double last year's request. This was reduced to \$10,000 by the board. Con. Saunders said the day may come when this type of music does not appeal any more, as he recalled the decline of the public's interest in vaudeville.

Women bus drivers should take up a more feminine occupation, in the opinion of Mrs. Lydia Arsen, British Columbia's only woman MLA . . . "If a woman goes into an industry detrimental to her health she has no reason being there," Mrs. Arsen said. (Vancouver Sun)

Mr. Irvin Studer, Liberal M.P. for Swift Current-Maple Creek, in Debate on the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne:

"Bring in all the people who may know how to sell wheat. Let them come in here and I am sure the Minister of Trade and Commerce will greet them with open arms. In the meantime, if the Minister of Trade and Commerce does not know how, who does know how? If he does not know how, we will have—"

An Honorable Member: "We all know Howe."

(Hansard, Nov. 30, 1953)

Urged by one of its member unions to take a stand against H-bomb experiments in the Pacific, the Toronto and Lakeshore Labor Council (CIO-CCL) last night adopted a wait-and-see attitude, passing the issue along to its national organization, the Canadian Congress of Labor.

Magnetic phenomenist desires to contact gentleman interested in the supernatural as a business arrangement . . .

(Classified Advertisement, Vancouver Sun)

Members of the Ontario Legislature were asked yesterday by James Dempsey (PC, Renfrew South) not to blame Highways Minister Doucett for irregularities in his department. "Doucett doesn't know anything about roads," Mr. Dempsey declared. "The deputy minister is the man who is responsible." "I want to back up my good friend George," Mr. Dempsey added. He said also that the contractors shouldn't be blamed. When he added "who wouldn't take all they can get?" Opposition members thumped their desks.

(Globe and Mail)

Controller Balfour suggested yesterday that even if a man is acquitted by the court of selling obscene books he should be taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown in jail. "We're not strict enough with this sort of thing," he told the Board of Control. "Everybody seems to be dying down in their vigilance of these filthy books." "Why you can't throw a man in jail if he's set free by the court," said Controller Saunders. "That's fascism."

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to J. A. Edmison, Kingston, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

## TV in Canada

► IN A RECENT interview, Lorne Greene, the well-known Canadian actor and radio news commentator who has been appearing with Katherine Cornell on Broadway this season, told a rather sad story. Before going to New York he had played leading roles in half a dozen major Canadian TV dramas. Then he was invited to appear for one performance on Studio One, a top-ranking American weekly dramatic show. The day following his appearance on Studio One, Lorne Greene was stopped on the streets of Toronto over a hundred times and congratulated for his performance by

strangers who recognized him from the show. Never once had this happened after any of his Canadian shows.

TV dramas lean heavily on some form of pre-sold quality approval. It is one means by which the viewer can prejudge what he is going to see. As a result, canned or filmed shows such as "Robert Montgomery Presents . . ." or "Favorite Story" introduced by Adolphe Menjou, or even the Kraft TV Theatre which is produced live, will withdraw less well-known shows regardless of their artistic merit. A trite little triangle well polished is preferred by the average TV viewer to a meaningful drama acted so heavily that the message is never lifted out of its lines. An avid viewer will see over a dozen such shows a week, so it is just as well that their content is watered down to something that can be forgotten quickly.

One has the feeling that Canadian TV needs a tremendous amount of this light and frothy mental padding. Lacking an established theatre, movie industry or other reservoir of first-class professional talent of any sort, such light, little theatre would provide an excellent training ground to develop competent performers and directors who could in time handle more mature assignments.

While the CBC has not published any policy statement regarding types of shows, their program committee can veto any show either by refusing to accept the program or by offering poor availabilities of time. Probably the CBC is concerned about maintaining a more equitable split between Canadian and American programs, in order to support its elaborate facilities for live studio productions. It has over 500 persons on the payroll in Toronto alone. Work must be found for this vast investment of equipment and personnel and at the same time audiences must be maintained in order to keep commercial sponsors happy. Next fall, high rating American shows will more than likely be alternated with less well-known Canadian shows.

The need for such care can be appreciated from studying the weekly program of one privately-owned Canadian TV station. Out of a total of 32 evening hours, twenty hours were either American produced commercial shows or films, five hours were CBC sustaining shows, three hours were CBC commercial-produced shows and four hours were produced by the station itself. This station is in a large Canadian market and undoubtedly would have carried more CBC-produced commercial shows if they had been available.

At the present time the CBC has five stations—located in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal (English and French) and Vancouver in operation. Additional stations are planned for Winnipeg and Halifax. Privately owned stations are now operating in Sudbury, London, Kitchener and St. John, N.B. By the end of the year, private stations should be in operation in Sydney, Rimouski, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Hamilton, Peterborough, Kingston, Windsor, Port Arthur, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary. Last Christmas the stations in operation reached over five hundred thousand TV sets. By Christmas this year it is estimated that there will be over a million sets in operation. At the same time day-long programming will become necessary.

The standard by which the Canadian public will judge what it sees will be related more closely to American radio and movies than to the theatre, concert stage or music hall. This is something the CBC could well ponder in the production of its Big Revue. Week after week this musical extravaganza continues to be badly directed, under rehearsed and poorly produced. A show of this type is too pretentious for the talents and resources available in Canada. On the other hand, something as simple as Uncle Chichimus was widely admired and enjoyed. Tabloid is another show which comes off because it rarely strains to be bigtime and yet retains an

easy professional quality. Even Holiday Ranch, one feels, is a better show because it is truer to its talent.

Last December, the General Motors Theatre hit the TV screen. It was deliberately established as a showcase for television drama in Canada. Foreign names were imported to introduce the plays and lend prestige to the series. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Margaret Webster, Nicholas Monsarrat and Judith Evelyn were some of the famous persons who dropped in long enough to applaud the series. Neither time nor money has been wasted in an effort to make each performance notable. If the results have fallen short of the goal it is only because the standards of professional theatre are so high. The experience gained by many Canadians in working on this series should be invaluable for their future in TV.

The CBC is trying to create a Canadian television industry. Therefore the direction of its policy at present can affect our viewing habits in the future. This would seem to hinge on whether it can educate the public to enjoy the types of programs that in its opinion are good for them, of whether they will bend to give the public what they want to see and find a happy compromise in doing so. The Studio One production on which Lorne Greene appeared was a dramatized version of 1984 by George Orwell. This series has gained a reputation for the excellence of its productions and the variety of its offerings. Being a commercial show it must watch the ratings each week. Considering the effect one appearance had on the career of a single Canadian actor one wonders if this is such a bad thing. Commercial shows have a responsibility to their audience. Is it unreasonable to assume a similar criterion for CBC sponsored shows? The finest lecture in the CBC's own Exploring Minds series combined a tremendous amount of showmanship with a little dry ice to provide just about the perfect TV combination.

PETER MORGAN

## NFB

### *The Stratford Adventure*

*Producer, Guy Glover; director, Morten Parker; script, Gudrun Parker; photography, Don Wilder; narrator, John Drainie; music, Louis Applebaum; sound recording, Joseph Champagne; editing, Douglas Tunstall; sound editing, Ken Heeley-Ray; re-recording, Clarke Daprato. Running time, 40 minutes; 35 mm. Eastmancolor.*

► THE STRATFORD ADVENTURE is the story of the Shakespearian Festival, held for the first time in Stratford, Ontario, during the summer of 1953. Those who followed the events leading up to this unique and worthy undertaking are familiar with the main details: Tom Patterson, a resident of Stratford, dreamed for many years of establishing a Shakespearian theatre in his native town. He finally succeeded in forming a committee of interested and influential citizens who decided to send for Tyrone Guthrie, producer at the Old Vic Theatre in London, to seek advice on how to establish such a risky venture. A fund was launched, and against overwhelming financial and physical difficulties a huge circular tent, with an Elizabethan stage, was erected and arrangements were made for Alec Guinness and Irene Worth to come from England to star with Canadian actors in *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Richard III*. From an artistic and monetary viewpoint, the Festival was an unqualified success, with the five-week season being extended to six and all performances sold out.

In movies it often happens that film-makers used to working under budget and technical restrictions find their natural creative instincts somewhat dissipated by an anxious ambition to do well when given the responsibility of a gen-

erous expenditure, extended running time, important artists to work with, and an impressive subject to film. For *The Stratford Adventure*, director Morten Parker and script writer, Gudrun Parker, two of the Board's ablest film makers, were allowed expensive Eastmancolor, Drainie and Applebaum, and the task of producing a superior picture which should not lessen the dignity and stature of the Festival and the stage, not forgetting of course, Guinness, Guthrie and Shakespeare. These factors represent art on a high plane, and the desire to equal it in the film is apparent from the opening of *The Stratford Adventure*. This is a rather confused, indirect introduction to the town of Stratford, with fancy scenes of swans on the river, a bust of Shakespeare, an old gentleman in his garden, the firing of the cannon which opened each performance at the theatre, and the party scene from *All's Well*. The film then goes back in time to show Tom Patterson dreaming in the park about his idea, mentioning it to sceptical friends, taking it before the local council, and the subsequent adverse comments by the townspeople. Then Guthrie arrives, plans are laid, the fund is launched, the tent goes up, the actors gather, money runs out, rehearsals begin, and the opening night is a triumph. The story line is plain enough, but not told with a clarity sufficient to make it comprehensive to those who are not already clearly acquainted with the Festival.

This picture is one of the most ambitious to be produced by the National Film Board since *Royal Journey*, and was far more difficult to make since it required the staging of past events and of performances by actors and non-professionals. Rather than film the festival story as a straightforward documentary, the Parkers attempted a more personal sound and dialogue picture, in the manner of a studio-made fictional film, the difference being that its story is true and filmed where it happened. Unfortunately, the result is neither good documentary in one form or the other, but a disappointing, uncertain mixture of both.

The first half of the picture is rather slow and ponderous and most of the acting a little self-conscious and unnatural. Guthrie's personality shines as soon as he enters, but the editing of his scenes serves to emphasize the staged nature of his entrance and the ensuing conversation. The last part of the film shows a more professional look with the cross-cutting from Guthrie at rehearsal to simultaneous developments in the administration of the Festival. Alec Guinness looks natural riding his bicycle, although his conversation with a young player about acting sounds rather contrived and insincere. The color photography is not outstanding: in reproduction the exteriors are pleasing, but interior scenes are often indistinct, look insufficiently lit and suffused with a reddish-brown tinge. Rarely does the brightness of the costumes, a highlight of the Festival, register effectively, and oddly enough the battle scene in *Richard III*, which looked so dramatic and convincing on the stage, looks very artificial and tame in the film. Gudrun Parker's commentary cannot be said to help the film a great deal. It is overwritten and complicated, a confusing mixture of Shakespeare and prose and delivered by actor John Drainie, who was not at the Festival, in a voice which fell upon my ears in hard and insensitive tones. If quotations from Shakespeare were necessary, it might have been better to use two commentators, one to read the poetry, the other the prose, and thus make each more easy to identify. The fast manner in which it is spoken by Drainie rarely brings out the poetry of the words to blend with the effects on the screen. The commentary could also have laid more stress on the fact that the Festival succeeded in a small town in which the theatre is virtually unknown, and in a country which is noted for its lack of support for the live theatre. We are

not told either, who Patterson is, who most of the committee members were, and many other small but important details, the omission of which makes the story annoyingly incomplete while other extraneous matters are included. Louis Applebaum's Elizabethan style of music is quiet and pleasing.

As a film, *The Stratford Adventure* should have been more inspiring and sharply outlined than it is. It is not by any means a failure, but the victim of intentions too good and "vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself."

GERALD PRATLEY.

## Film Review

► FOR A LONG TIME NOW critics and laymen alike have been complaining that the average motion picture deals with characters and situations which have very little relevance to life; with the implied or expressed inference that the industry is entirely to blame. The fact is that the moment you start to deal with real human beings rather than with stereotypes, you run the risk of treading on a great many tender toes. For instance, Patrick Hamilton once wrote a play called *Rope*. The play was a thriller, based on an actual murder committed in Chicago by two college students named Leopold and Loeb. The real case was genuinely shocking, and involved a good many unsavoury details; but the essence of the crime was that the two young men had murdered somebody for fun, to see if they could commit the perfect crime. It was this essence, shorn of its factual details, that Hamilton used as the core of his play. Presently Alfred Hitchcock made the play into an extremely good movie; it was passed without question by the Ontario Board of Censors, and played in Toronto for exactly one week. At the end of that week it was suddenly withdrawn from circulation, and on investigating, I found that a local women's organization had applied pressure to have it withdrawn. I got in touch with the head of the organization to find out why the group had acted as it did, and discovered that the objection to *Rope* had not been based on moral grounds, or even on grounds of good taste. The lady told me that what had disturbed her about *Rope* was the fact that the two young men who committed the crime, were, as she put it, from a really good background. They might, she said, have been her own sons, and while she didn't mind movies about crime, she felt it was a dangerous mistake to suggest that murder could be committed by anyone born and raised on the right side of the tracks.

If any deduction can be made from this anecdote, it is surely that we cannot in justice lay all the blame for unintelligent and trivial movies on the industry itself. *Rope* is not an isolated case: Quebec has banned the fine documentary, *Martin Luther*, and Ontario is currently refusing to release *La Ronde*, a French comedy of unusual wit and charm, although our West Coast cities have been enjoying it with apparently no ill-effects. Obviously there are whole sections of the public, by no means stupid or uninterested, who are fighting against their own best interests, and trying to force the producers to abide not by a reasonable code of morality, but by various sets of rules which range from purely local prejudice to downright social snobbery. To destroy a good movie's potential market on purely frivolous grounds not only does a great disservice to movie-goers in general, but tends to make the industry itself even more timid than before. To some extent, then, the customers themselves are to blame that movies have not become a respected institution, with a solid tradition of achievement.

Judging from some recent developments in the United States, the motion picture industry is beginning to stir restlessly under the burden of so many conflicting regulations; in fact, the American Supreme Court seems inclined to sym-

pathize with their protests. To begin with, the Supreme Court has reclassified the motion picture as a whole, and has declared that it belongs in the same general category with all other modes of communication, such as newspapers, books, the stage, television, and radio. Now, then, says the Court, it is unthinkable that any newspaper, or book publisher or producer of plays should be required to submit to a board its news items, editorials, cartoons, books, or plays before publishing them. Such a scheme of pre-publication censorship would be a direct violation of the first and fourteenth amendments to the American Constitution, which guarantees the liberty and freedom of the press on both the federal and state levels. It follows, then, the judgment goes on, that since we have already declared that motion pictures are within the free speech and free press guaranty of the first and fourteenth amendments, it is unconstitutional for the governments to establish any system of pre-release censorship over motion pictures.

It is hardly likely that the Canadian federal government will rush in with any delighted confirmation of this principle in the immediate future. Movies in Canada will still be suppressed before anyone except the boards of censors have seen them. But certainly by being accorded the same principles of freedom as the press, the American film industry has acquired a new dignity and a kind of responsibility that it never enjoyed before. It seems at least possible that we, the public, are in for a new era as far as movies are concerned; the apron strings are loosened; the movies may even begin to grow up. It is to be hoped that the general public, pressure-groups and all, will recognize that coming-of-age and help in the future as much as they have hindered it in the past.

D. MOSDELL

## Music Review

► CONDUCTORS COME and go, and their retirement (or death) rarely makes more than a local stir, even if they happen to be a Koussevitsky or a Fritz Busch. Toscanini's has been different. We cannot miss the fact that, for better or worse, the name of Toscanini has dominated the world of conducting for the last twenty-five years, particularly on this continent. His retirement marks something like the end of an epoch.

In part, it has been Toscanini's sheer, no-nonsense efficiency on a large scale. He is a big-orchestra conductor, his rhythms are piston-like, his atmosphere is taut and intense, rarely relaxed, and he has stuck generally to the traditional war-horses of the musical repertoire. His delicacy and subtlety suggest the far-ranging precision and adaptability of a gigantic and complicated industrial motor, not the small scale, thin spun organization of a wrist watch. The conducting of Toscanini has a power and flexibility which might be the envy of any business executive and which suggests none of the hit-or-miss, spur-of-the-moment intuition once regarded as a distinguishing feature of the artist.

Efficiency, intensity and power (an efficiency, moreover, which is never merely matter-of-fact or casual, but purposeful and personal), in other words, the sheer will power of the music he makes, these are among the things that have contributed to Toscanini's eminence. How flattering a light this sheds on the nature of our ideals, it would be hard to say. But, in any case, I have also emphasized the flexibility as well as the drive of Toscanini's performances. For a conductor whose tempos are so inexorable and single-minded, his phrasing is extra-ordinarily fresh and varied. Having drawn together the different parts of a work by the rigidity of his beat, Toscanini compensates for it by the subtlety of his dynamics, particularly in phrasing melodies with an Italian flavor. The melodies of Mozart, Rossini and Verdi

have never been performed with such sharpness, sinuosity and freshness. The sound is released and withheld without a trace of preciousness or fussiness, while the music moves on inexorably; and the variability in dynamics is not reflected by any relaxation in the rhythmic framework of the whole.

To what works are these characteristics best adapted? Usually, I think, Toscanini has been commended for his Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms—the great line of Germanic symphonists—with a few good words for his operatic performances. My preferences are somewhat different. For one thing, there is rarely any danger that a modern conductor will fail to emphasize the rhythmic vitality or the onward impetus of Beethoven and Schubert, or, in these days, of Haydn and Mozart either. In his anxiety to achieve the maximum impact and to really impress his audience, the conductor is in more danger of overlooking the relaxation, the expansiveness, the casualness which is a frequent and valuable part of the same tradition. Here Toscanini is of little help to us. His taut, intense, driving Beethoven is recognizably the Beethoven of Rodzinski or Mitropoulos—better, no doubt, but of the same species; and the species is not the one we are most in need of.

It is elsewhere than in his performances of the great symphonists that Toscanini's special distinction lies. It lies in his Verdi and Wagner (as has frequently been recognized), but also (as has rarely been recognized) in his Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Strauss and Debussy. I have heard it argued by enthusiasts for the "classical" Toscanini that he is out of his element with Tchaikovsky and Debussy. But what Toscanini has shown, it seems to me, is that Tchaikovsky does not need to be sensationalized or sentimentalized or patronized, that the greater the precision and consistency of the performance, the more impressive do his best works become. And Toscanini's performance of Debussy's *La Mer* (available on a fairly recent Victor LP) makes clear to me, as no other performance has, that Debussy does not cultivate atmosphere at the expense of form and outline.

What this means, I suppose, is that Toscanini is at his greatest showing us how logical and perfectly contrived are certain works which other conductors have rarely taken the trouble to be wholly serious about. It is where other conductors have shown how easy it is to go wrong that his rightness is most striking. The heavings and swellings and changes of pace in Stokowski's performance of the *Tristan* Prelude seem ludicrous and quite unnecessary when compared with the strength and cohesion of Toscanini's. Fortunately such comparisons remain possible by means of the vast number of recordings which Toscanini made; and so for those of us, like myself, whose knowledge of his work is based on those recordings, his retirement is liable to seem more nominal than real.

MILTON WILSON

## Correspondence

The Editor: It appears that Richard T. Lambert, who writes in your issue for April, thinks that Canadian painters have dealt long enough with their native scene. He describes certain paintings in the O.S.A. Exhibition as being "topographical", which is reasonable enough, but he sees fit to precede this fully adequate word with the label "nationalist" . . . He closes by saying that there is ". . . a heartening shedding of the self-consciousness of nationalism". . . Who, today, would say that a Canadian painter must choose a distinctively Canadian subject before he can be considered to be Canadian or good, or both? Surely no one believes that a Canadian painter sacrifices some part of his claim to that particular identity when he paints a picture of something other than the Precambrian Shield. But the tragic and

silly thing is that some people do appear to think that any painter who does choose such a subject is thereby conducting a crusade for Canadian Culture à la Great Northern Forest.

To call, today, for the emancipation of artistic expression in Canada from the pall of maple leaves and beaver pelts is surely to be somewhat out of date. More sense would be made by a plea for a calm and sympathetic appraisal of our art, regardless of the geographical location of its subject matter.

J. D. M. Brierley, Westmount, Que.

The Editor: Perhaps the most obvious fact about Canadian theatre and any training connected with it, is that it has always, since about 1936, taken a back seat to Canadian radio not to mention the unmentionable newcomer, Canadian television. There is no mystery connected with this order of precedence; thanks to the CBC, the Canadian radio or television actor is enabled to approach either medium as a full-time job. This has given rise to a school, or rather a tradition of radio drama, acting and production which can compete with any other "product" from any part of the world.

This is a source of pride to all of us, but it does not remove the fact that radio acting is a technique, a subdivision of the art of acting, and the only place where the student or devotee can learn such an art, is in the theatre. All of our best-known actors and producers in Canadian radio had a great deal of stage experience to contribute to the Golden Age of radio drama which began in our country just ten years ago. Most of these actors and producers have since given time, time which would have brought them money in radio, or television, to working in local theatre productions and attempting to achieve professional standards under conditions which would defeat any amateur group. There are a few courageous souls who have attempted to devote themselves to theatre and theatre alone, in the face of this dilemma of professional standards striven for under amateur conditions. The person who gave me my start as an actor is one of these, perhaps the one of all who deserves more credit than anyone for trying to keep theatre alive throughout the golden age of radio, Mrs. Dora Mavor Moore. I will never forget her dogged patience as, long after the other actors had gone home, she waited for me to cross the rehearsal room stage with some resemblance to a natural human being, instead of a stiff, self-conscious, and embarrassed bundle of brushwood.

However, training in Canada for the theatre actor has always been a half-measure, because of the seniority of radio. Those who would not compromise sometimes went to New York, but more often, London, where they could learn the habit of making a living (usually bare) in theatre and nothing but theatre. In 1950, I myself took this step, having spent a schizoid five years rushing between radio and stage rehearsals. Luck was with me, I did three West End plays within the year, but pay for newcomers is not high, and to augment my income I was forced to write for radio. (The word "forced" is purely economic in the context; I was not writing with one arm twisted behind my back.) I might add that the parts I played in London were two Americans and one Canadian, and that this is no way to increase one's standards, since Londoners accept a caricature version of the North American as the bona fide thing. A U.S. tour of a Christopher Fry play did, however, give me some idea of what young English actors were up to, and I determined not to go back to England unless there was some hope of playing English parts.

Last year's Stratford Festival, beyond question the most important event in Canadian theatre to date, made that hope a reality. A letter of recommendation from Tyrone

Guthrie and Alec Guinness to the Governors of the Old Vic assured me of a hearing, and with the money I had saved from a hectic ten months in Canadian television, I decided to spend a sabbatical year in England, playing small parts and picking up what trade secrets I could. It has been worth it, I am sure, although the results are yet to be seen by me or anyone else, since it is only in one's own country that the true results can be assessed. I have been accepted by the Bristol public in English roles, three classical and two modern, learned to fence, and have been forced to sing and dance for my supper. I have always learned by doing, and learned as I earned. This kind of regimen, I find, merges the theoretical and the practical in the empirical English theatre tradition.

I hear from other actors here that the things they supposedly learned at drama schools are only becoming pertinently apparent after years of practice; this may be, but at least they knew what to look for. By spending a year in a theatre, working with the same company before the same audience, I have, for the first time, felt the implications of my trade. I now know that when I rejoin my fellows at Stratford-on-Tario this year that we, too, will be starting a habit that produces the tradition of first-class company-playing. A word about the financial side of my sabbatical. It has been expensive for a "father of two" to live on British wages and Canadian tastes. I applied for a Canadian scholarship but it was given to a student. Our authorities don't yet realize that a professional actor has a lot to learn too.

Don Harron, Theatre Royal, Bristol, England

### On Heredity

Beneath my attic window

in between snuggles with her puppy

Little Susan Grummage is snubbing her playmate happily; and I recall a land where the turtle's coo was drowned in sweetly, snooky-pie murmurs to well-bred dumb chums;

a plateau of purring sound, basing drawling, loofah-shaped, oh-really ridges, and wide vales scrubbed silent among the insignificant;

and sometimes suddenly the whistling creak of rapid conversational wings flying on cliquey hints and inner-circle jokes; rare air where strangers and colonials stall.

But hark: "Are you really going to Pink Cliffs this summer?

Nothing but ghastly trippers."

The Grummagelet is true-feather soaring with her forefowl; birds loving

the picturesque foreign beggar as the delicious green vein amidst the scenic cheese, but loathing h-less natives, un-noisome and decent though they be,

for malignant mould. And now again: "I've got some stupid old poetry to sweat for the Grubber's lesson."

That dominant survival gene, healthy contempt for art, inherited like red hair and freckles, like the unlawful

tendencies in lesser breeds.

The marvel of heredity! And how little we know about it,

I reflect rather sadly!

J. L. Smallwood

## Books Reviewed

CANADA IN THE MAKING: George W. Brown; Dent; pp. vii, 151; \$2.75.

This volume is a collection of previously published articles. Inevitably there is some repetition; but the articles all have some bearing upon the author's central theme: the development of the Canadian way of life in all of its aspects, political, economic, social, and cultural. Professor Brown emphasizes that while some phases of our cultural development have been amply described, others such as religion have been insufficiently studied. These deficiencies he sets out in part to redress.

The articles, after the introduction, are in two main groups. The first and longer is concerned mainly with Canada in the 1830's and 1840's. Of particular interest are the sections on religion, notably on the rise of Canadian Methodism. The author is interested in the development of religious institutions and in the political attitudes of religious groups. He sees in the rise of the Canadian churches a process which parallels the achievement of political autonomy. There are repeated references to the determination of Canadian Methodists "to settle their own problems in their own way."

The section on external affairs describes the gradual working out of a Canadian foreign policy midway between the British and American orbits. Canada has achieved this middle way, says Professor Brown, "by rejecting the extreme both of colonialism and continentalism."

Professor Brown's volume is a valuable addition to the data which bears on the evolution of a Canadian culture. His viewpoint is typical of the mature nationalism, the distinctive characteristic of his particular generation among Canadian historians. Other notable members of this generation are A. R. M. Lower, F. H. Underhill, and J. B. Brebner. Professor Brown's special contribution is the wealth of detail, particularly in the field of religious history, with which his thesis is supplemented. D. C. Masters

BORN TO BELIEVE: Lord Pakenham; Clarke, Irwin (Cape); pp. 254; \$3.75.

IN MANY RHYTHMS: Baroness Ravensdale; Ambassador Books (Weidenfeld & Nicholson); pp. 328; \$4.25.

The first of these autobiographies is moderately interesting; the second is as dull as it is vulgar. *Born to Believe* is at least written in reputable English; *In Many Rhythms* is constantly ungrammatical, unidiomatic, and imprecise.

Lord Pakenham was born a Conservative and an Anglican; he became a Socialist and a Roman Catholic. This double conversion has a consistency for him, for the socialist doctrine of equality has seemed to him the logical extension of Christianity to politics. The chief influences in his religious development were Father D'Arcy and Evelyn Waugh; the stages in his defection from the Conservatives to the Labor Party were his experience as a lecturer to a Workers' Educational Association in the Potteries, the influence of his wife, and his sympathy for Irish Nationalism. After he had had his face bashed and his kidneys pounded at an Oswald Mosley meeting in 1936 he joined the Labor Party. Lord Pakenham is a jolly undogmatic fellow. He writes lucidly about his political and religious history and gives a modest account of his work in a Labor Government as successively Under-Secretary of State for War, British Minister in Berlin, Minister of Civil Aviation, and First Lord of the Admiralty.

Baroness Ravensdale looks back wistfully to the days "when women had time to talk and sparkle, instead of working for a living, or attending dozens of committees;

and when the men could enjoy their less emancipated company." That gives a fair notion of her mental level. She has travelled all over the world, entertained many of the musical great, engaged in much charitable work, known dozens of London hostesses and Hollywood movie stars—and learned nothing. Her book proceeds on the level of prattle about Rudolph Valentino's funeral, her own spiritual satisfaction in going to see Father Divine in Harlem, lavatory arrangements for peeresses at the Coronation, and Hugh Walpole's search for a W.C. If Lord Curzon, who was a very superior person, had anticipated that his daughter would write such drivel, he would probably have strangled her at birth. At any rate, that is what the publisher ought to have done with the book.

Carlyle King

RUSSIA AND THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC: Lionel Kochan; British Book Service (Bowes & Bowes); pp. 190; \$4.25.

In view of the imminence of Germans re-armed against the threat of Soviet aggression, it is uncomfortable if salutary to be reminded of the sinuosities of which the diplomacy of an earlier Germany was capable. In tracing the history of German-Soviet relations during the era of the Weimar Republic, Mr. Lionel Kochan is clearly aware of the timeliness of his task; but his survey, which is balanced, judicious, lucidly written, and unusually well documented (particularly on the Russian side), is free from both obtrusive moralizing and gratuitous prescription. As carefully as the published evidence will permit—the diplomatic archives of the Weimar Republic have yet to yield their secrets—Mr. Kochan picks his way along the devious pathways which led from Brest-Litovsk to Rapallo, where the Soviets, abandoning belatedly their early hopes for a communist Germany, came to terms with bourgeois democracy, and so gained what Chicherin called a "*point d'appui*", a foot-hold in the enemy camp; from Rapallo to Locarno, where Germany, in the person of Stresemann, that master funambulist, veered toward the West and so restored something of the independence of action of which Versailles and German folly had deprived it; and, finally, from Locarno to Geneva, where, in 1934, Germany left and Russia entered the League, Hitler having dissolved the Rapallo partnership by rebuffing Stalin's overtures for its continuation. The reader may wish that Mr. Kochan, having gone so far, had pressed on to Moscow and the resurrection of Rapallo on August 23, 1939; as it is, he will have to turn to the published documents and the memoirs of those such as Herr Dirksen for the record of that melancholy, needless, and entirely predictable event. The military aspects of Rapallo, dismissed in four pages, are not treated commensurately with their importance; it is of course no easy matter to ferret out reliable data on illegal German rearmament, but one feels that the machinations of the wily Seect might have been more fully explored. So, too, those of Stresemann. Here Mr. Kochan deliberately suspends judgment. Perusal of the unpublished Stresemann Papers (of which a microfilm is now available at the Public Record Office) would allow firmer and, it may be, less charitable evaluation.

James Eayrs

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON: Peter Smithers; Oxford; pp. 491; \$5.25.

It may seem strange, in view of Addison's importance in English literature, and of his central position in the political and social life of his time, that the first attempt at a full biography of Addison should appear only at this late date. But the difficulties facing the biographer of Addison might well deter most writers. If in his periodical essays Addison embodies most of the admirable qualities of neo-classicism, in his personality he seems to present those qualities which

brought about the Romantic revolt. Eighteenth-century poetry, and the essays in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, cannot be described fairly, in the Romantic phrase of objection, as "of the head" and not "of the heart," but the description seems not only apt but complete if applied to Addison's life; his character is "cautious, prudent, and self-possessed", Mr. Smithers describes him, with perhaps a just note of resentment, as "this most secretive man." Caution and a passion for secrecy led Addison to be wary of self-revelation, and to destroy or cause to be destroyed the kind of documents upon which the biographer usually relies. Consequently, his private life, his domestic relations, even his private tastes and opinions, emerge only in so far as he deliberately lets them, in occasional passages in the essays and in his correspondence. Mr. Smithers has made admirable use of his material, with proper recognition of its limitations as personal revelation; if Addison ever let himself go, which is highly unlikely, he did so behind closed doors and destroyed the evidence. The concentration on Addison's public life which his character and habits force on his biographer involves a staggering amount of minute research into eighteenth-century history; the scope and thoroughness of this research are everywhere evident in Mr. Smithers' work, and make it a valuable contribution to the detailed history of the period. Moreover, this concentration serves to present us with Addison's life very much as it must have appeared to Addison; the literary historian's emphasis on his literary work, which subordinates his political career, is here replaced by a subordination of literature to political place-hunting, with literary fame as a means to political power and importance. This is undoubtedly the relation of the two activities as Addison saw them; he was a man of affairs who wrote to attract notice, and thenceforward when pressure of affairs was relaxed. Finally, despite the absence of evidence of the inner life, of interesting complexities and conflicts of character, the life of Addison has a special and unusual kind of interest, that of watching a cool and intelligent and highly disciplined man working his way up the political ladder with a singular preservation of loyalty and scruples. One finishes the biography, not perhaps with any affection for its subject, but with admiration intact: which is apparently how many of Addison's contemporaries felt about him.

F. E. L. Priestley

THE LIFE OF REASON: George Santayana; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribners); pp. 504; \$8.45.

In 1905 and 1906 George Santayana, a professor of philosophy at Harvard, published a five volume work entitled *The Life of Reason*. In the last year of his life, nearly half a century later, the author pruned and revised the lush tropical style of this, the magnum opus of his Harvard years. Human progress from uncouth barbarity to civilized reason in Common Sense, Society, Religion, Art, and Science—all now in the compass of a single handsome volume. What a rare bargain—if only the promise of the magnificent title could be fulfilled!

Humanists of all varieties have delighted to find here a philosophy, bedecked in black velvet and glowing pearls, in which man is nobly presented as the noblest work of nature. The Naturalist has joined the Humanist in words of praise, for Santayana's horizon discloses nothing beyond the vast ocean of pulsating natural processes. The life of Spirit in its world of eternal essences beyond nature still awaits the author's discovery in the years which lie before him. The Rationalist, however, is of two minds whether to join Santayana's company. For the Reason whose natural history Santayana writes is not the silken web spun by the logician. It is the Reason of a contemplative aesthetic epicure, intent upon shaping the passionate and impulsive rawness of life into a harmonious, unified, and ideal whole.

What is the life of reason? It is a life inspired by a vision of ideal perfections in which man's best pleasure may be found. To tame and civilize our irrational impulses so that they may offer a unified and harmonious soil in which ideals may take root is the aim of the rational man. Santayana leads us through the forms of human life—love, industry, government, myth, religion, etc.—and shows the natural origins of each and the harmonies to which each lends itself in the good and happy life. The journey upon which Santayana takes us is like one of those holiday cruises where our interest lies not in our destination but in the warm relaxing voyage. For Santayana's voice is so melodious, his style so heavily perfumed, his imagery so ripe and juicy, that this reader for one is tempted to forget the philosophy and luxuriate in the warm aromatic darkness of the language.

David Savan

THE CREATIVE ELEMENT: Stephen Spender; British Book Service; pp. 199; \$3.50.

Earnest concern has always been Mr. Stephen Spender's specialty. In the 1930's he was concerned with finding a way forward—this is, leftward—from liberalism, and more recently he has been concerned with consolidating a left, non-Communist, position. He is anxious about literature too: in *The Destructive Element* fifteen years ago he sought to show the political implications of the work of the great modern writers; now in *The Creative Element* he is concerned to show that the vision of such writers as Rimbaud, Yeats, Rilke, Forster, and Lawrence, though not political as he had once believed, marked an advance of the human spirit which the return to orthodoxy or the despair of the later Eliot, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, and Orwell would abandon.

There are some very good things in the book. Spender observes, for instance, that Yeat's "Second Coming" could almost be described as the *Dover Beach* of the twentieth century, and his subsequent reservations prove the "almost" to be well weighed. Again, as a judgment on Yeat's magic this rings with authority: "I do not suppose that any reader has ever for a moment felt the *presence* of the supernatural in a poem by Yeats." And it is well observed that the early poems of Auden resemble "necklaces made by Esquimaux out of white tooth of a walrus, a couple of bones, some glass beads, and other such trophies won in the hunt or cast up on the ice-floe."

As well as such instances of good literary criticism there are sentences of moral criticism or historical generalization that show a serious and individual mind at work. Spender questions whether the religion of the *Four Quartets* can "persuade us to use modern techniques to help men who are starving"; and he perceives that "to construct an orthodoxy of one's own is to lead back to a more stable orthodoxy." Rimbaud's magic leads straight into Claudel's catholicism. Something here for both the aesthetic and the religious man to ponder—though the latter, faced with Spender's blank incomprehension of Christianity except as a lapse from grace of certain literary figures may be tempted to retort that the Church is not judged by the World.

But the literary and the moral and political interests of the book are not in my judgment successfully joined, and the literary part in particular is not good enough. Too much space is given over to saying the standard things about the standard writers. The essay on Forster adds little to Mr. Trilling's treatment, and what is said about Evelyn Waugh, though sound enough, anyone might have said. In the poems quoted from Eliot and Yeats there are well over a dozen scribal errors, mainly minor, of course, but enough to convict the critic of carelessness. But the thing hardest to forgive is the title of the essay on Yeats—"Hammered Gold and Gold Enamelling of Humanity." Great lines of

verse are too few to be so desecrated, no matter how earnest and humane the motive.

William Blissett

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY 1216-1307: Sir Maurice Powicke; Oxford; pp. 829; \$6.00.

Few people would question that the thirteenth century was one of the great centuries of history. It was the great age of fruition; it saw the sudden flowering of medieval civilization after long centuries of preparation. Its achievements included great institutions like parliament, council, and university, and the beginnings of the national state, not to mention the noon-tide splendour of the medieval town and *bourgeoisie*.

Perhaps no historian has ever known so much about this great century as Sir Maurice Powicke. His first essay, on Pierre Dubois, a medieval radical born in Normandy about 1255, was published in 1902. He is the dean of English medievalists. What he has to say in this volume will be influential for many years to come.

He has taken advantage of his unique position to adopt his own approach to the century. He limits his treatment of the fashionable social, cultural, and economic history, in order to concentrate on political; but he interprets the political narrative in the broadest possible sense as the product and supreme expression of all the aspects of the community's life. At the same time he avoids those irrelevant and inconsequential interlarded chapters on special aspects of history which frequently adorn general histories and are quite unrelated to each other or to the general text. It is to be hoped that he has set a pattern in this method of approach.

As it is to be expected, Sir Maurice writes with grace and erudition. His standard of scholarship is high. Parts of his writing are eloquent and moving and leave an unforgettable picture. On the other hand, it cannot be said that his book is altogether successful. It is too long and crowded with detail. We could thankfully dispense with some of the intricacies of foreign policy. The great achievements do not stand out. Nor will everybody be satisfied with the factual presentation that avoids entirely what Sir Maurice may regard as an old-fashioned pre-occupation of historians with cause and effect, "movements" and "forces." Some of us would give a higher place than Sir Maurice to the historians' duties of selection and interpretation. Even some of the judgments call for scrutiny. It almost sounds perverse, for example, to call Simon de Montfort a royalist. Still, we must welcome this volume for a scholarship not often encountered today.

B. Wilkinson

GARDENERS AND ASTRONOMERS: Edith Sitwell; Macmillan; pp. 46; \$1.75.

This volume of poetry has already stirred up a controversy in two English weeklies. The reviewers, and some of the people who wrote in, didn't like all the mentioning of semi-precious stones, the quotations from other poets' works, and the over-richness of the imagery. The combatants on Dr. Sitwell's side, for the most part someone called Dr. Sitwell who wrote in from Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, didn't manage to justify the semi-precious stones either. There does seem to be a big crack, of course, down the centre of Dr. Sitwell's reputation as a poet; some murmur darkly, "Great, great"; and others seem to think she's a lunatic whose ravings don't matter.

The poems in *Gardeners and Astronomers* show a very interesting imagination at work. At first glance the long lines and the heaps of exotic images give one a confusing but pleasant impression: a joint museum and winter garden after quite an earthquake. Beneath the strange words, however, and the artificial surface there are the firm structures of powerful themes. In "The Wind of Early Spring" this

poet takes the hee-haw of a donkey and shows how it can become the symbol of both death and life, reason and desire, spring and winter, all the opposites that give tension and bounce to life. All these opposites are captured by her in this foolish and, now, haunting sound. She even suggests in "The Road to Thebes" that probably "hee" is just "haw" backwards, or that winter is just spring seen from another angle. Ideas like this make my head spin, especially when they are so beautifully and adequately expanded with so many relationships and variations of the theme glimpsed at.

Her poems discuss the only thing worth writing poetry about, a spiritual world behind the world of appearances; objects from this latter world become in her hands ways of shadowing forth the eternal world, and that is why there are so many objects in her poems, so many mentions of gold which is the alchemists' symbol for Eternity, of gold and of the two suns, the sun of this world and the sun of the spiritual world. I wonder if the reason for all the jewels in her poems is that they stand for blood and sap seen in their eternal aspect as foundations of the New Jerusalem. Not many poets write about the spiritual world as deliberately as Dr. Sitwell does, nor with such learning. At least she is a poet who is serious and has a purpose whatever side you may take in the division over her status.

James Reaney

SELECTED STORIES: Katherine Mansfield; Oxford; pp. 364; \$1.25.

In an anthology the quarrel or praise lies chiefly with the editor. One can quarrel with the premise on which his choice is built, and with the actual choice itself. D. M. Davin has selected what he feels to be the best stories rather than those representative of all phases of Katherine Mansfield's writings. I am sure an author as fastidious as Katherine Mansfield would be grateful, and certainly, for the purposes of a small book like this, the reader is.

Disagreement comes, inevitably, with the selection. On the grounds of having chosen the best, I can't think why "The Fly" and "The Canary" were included. In comparison to the richness in character and setting of the New Zealand stories, or the ballet-like precision and clear detail of the Paris vignettes, both the characterization and symbolism of these two stories seem forced and false.

For the rest, it is an extremely good and pleasurable collection. The book makes an excellent travelling companion, for its small neat size fits nicely into pocket or purse, and the same can be said of the price.

S. Lambert

BRAVO MY MONSTER: Oscar Tarlov; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Henry Regnery, Chicago); pp. 133; \$3.75.

I have read this book with considerable attention. I have read parts of it a second time, and glanced into it three or four times more. I confess that I still don't know what to make of it. If it is only what it seems to be—a singularly brutal, cloudy, and pedestrianly told story of an uncommonly weak and irresolute man confined and eventually killed by an uncommonly powerful and brutal one, then there's little excuse for it.

If, on the other hand, it is a phantasy-allegory, intended to shed light upon man's struggle with himself, then it is a somewhat better book. But even so it remains unnecessarily frustrating because of the coyness of the writer's attitude: never once in the actual book does he make clear that this is an allegory, or what the major subject of the allegory is. The result of this deliberate obscurity is not, as the author probably intended, to produce a startling example of fine writing in the Kafka school, but to becloud the issues and make nonsensical his characters—especially the poor, weak victim,

who never knows which end is up and who appears as a completely implausible stooge.

Certainly the effect is grim and depressing, but to my mind only in the way in which any halfway articulate person can tell a horrifying story if only he choose a sufficiently horrifying subject. Perhaps I can best sum it up by saying that I did not enjoy reading *Bravo My Monster*, that I was in no way inspired, exalted, or even moved to recognition, and that I don't think that it taught me anything.

A. Bourbon

BLACK MAN'S TOWN: Isobel Ryan; Clarke, Irwin (Jonathan Cape); pp. 240; \$3.00.

The earlier West African adventures of Mrs. Ryan and her husband were chronicled in *Black Man's Country*. This time she describes their experiences when they return to West Africa and find themselves settled for two years in a Gold Coast port. The book has the chatty quality of a diary or a letter home, and it manages to give a fairly vivid picture of how West Africa's Europeans conduct their social, business, and domestic life. Mrs. Ryan has some descriptive skill, but her book seems to skate over the surface. She does not show any strong prejudice, but her comments on the Africans always seem to have the slightly patronizing note found when members of the English upper classes are discussing their domestic servants. The narrative is illustrated by numerous small sketches by Bill Ryan which are often more eloquent than Mrs. Ryan's prose.

Edith Fowke

RIVER FOR MY SIDEWALK: Grant Madison; Dent; pp. 135; \$2.50.

Grant Madison has undertaken to share the emotional pleasure and awareness to nature he has found in spending several years in the Selkirk Mountains north of Vancouver as a "hermit." He endeavors to qualify our attitude towards this personality type. Pioneer families had just cause to be frightened of the aggressive, often violent inhabitants of the forests. The basis for this fear has largely been overcome, yet the fear still clings to many of us, and we tend to think of people who live as the author does, in fearful places, as a little queer or abnormal. It is this attitude which Mr. Madison finds upsetting. He is quite comfortable on a patch of cleared land near swiftly running water. He has become almost a vegetarian, partially because of his love and regard for the animals which surround him, and his ingenuity in the substitution of wild roots and plants for accepted foods is quite fascinating.

What is less fascinating are his reactions to 'city folk'. Looking on us "not only as we are but as we should be," the author considers that city folk have a basic need for other people, creating a form of tension which in itself is dangerous. If people could only be isolated for some period in their lives in order to face themselves honestly and "get friendly" with nature, Mr. Madison feels this tension would be resolved.

The book professes to be a series of sketches concerning the author's way of life. However, Mr. Madison has communicated little of his own pleasure with nature, and much of his displeasure with those outside his sphere. He projects many unwelcome qualities to the outside world almost, it would seem, in order to make more reasonable his desire to keep to the woods, or to rationalize himself into a feeling of contentment regarding his current mode of life.

Claire McLaughlin

THE LYING DAYS: Nadine Gordimer; Musson; pp. 340; \$3.95.

*The Lying Days* is an extremely perceptive autobiographical novel dealing primarily with the motivations of a

sensitive South African adolescent. Helen Shaw is the only child of a placid middle-class family living in the mining town of Atherton. Her father, a hard-working unpretentious man, is the assistant-secretary of Atherton Mine. The rigid pattern of conformity governing the family's behavior is absorbed in younger years by the girl. When she encountered new emotional experience it was not exchanged wantonly with her family, but cherished inwardly. This suppression continues until adolescence when a holiday at the seashore reveals to Helen that family fears and loves can be shared openly and she promptly begins to choke on the dull rigid standard of her own family.

Later, at university in Johannesburg, Helen acquaints herself with a group of friends and her reaction to the contemporaries is typically adolescent. Aware of her mother's intolerance of the native factor, Helen attempts to introduce an impossible member into the family—a native girl who has need of quiet to study for the duration of the exams—and as the anticipated weaknesses surge up in the mother they are manipulated by Helen to declare her independence from the home.

Deprived of an emotional outlet at home, Helen enters into an affair with Paul Clark, a lawyer engaged in the Native Welfare Office. The study of the love affair is quite real. All the dependency, the sureness, and denial of outside stimuli are touchingly presented. However, Helen entered into the relationship selfishly, and when the emotional need has been met, she convinces herself that Paul approaches the neurotic and finally tells her parents of the affair thereby opening the whole escape pattern again, and she finally withdraws from South Africa to Europe.

Miss Gordimer is a meticulous, almost ornate writer. She has the habit of using a device which can be completely annoying: the visual simile, which is often employed to take the place of objective description where the latter is absolutely necessary. However, for the study of some of the problems challenging adolescence and the solutions used to effect satisfaction, it is completely fascinating.

*Claire McLaughlin*

IT ISN'T THIS TIME OF YEAR AT ALL!: Oliver St. John Gogarty; Doubleday; pp. 256; \$3.85.

It is always a pleasure to read another of Oliver St. John Gogarty's informal autobiographies. This genial and witty Irishman seems to have a constant fund of amusing and sometimes spicy anecdotes at his command. He is a born raconteur but has the fault of sometimes telling the same story twice, so that readers of his previous books may find some of his stories familiar.

He was an intimate friend of many famous personages, including such writers as Yeats, Russell (AE), George Moore, and James Joyce. Indeed, it is to Gogarty's pen that we owe much of the amusing legend which has grown up around that "bad boy" of letters, George Moore. With Joyce the case is different. In spite of the fact that Gogarty lived with Joyce for two years in the Martello Tower at Sandycove, they were never really intimate. Gogarty did not understand Joyce, whom he considers "the most damned soul I ever met," and considers *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* to be gigantic hoaxes foisted on an unsuspecting public by an insane writer.

Gogarty is inclined to suspect insanity in those whom he dislikes and in this book he plays with the fantasy of Ireland being used as a huge open-air insane asylum. The list of candidates are many and include such persons as De Valera, "Bertie" Einstein, Sigmund Freud, James Joyce, Field Marshal Montgomery, and Sir "Stifford Crapps." The asylum would soon be filled, since Senator Gogarty's preju-

dices seem endless. We forgive him these prejudices, however, because of his humor, whether it is expressed in story or witty and ribald verse.

*Edward Duncan*

THE TIME OF THE GRINGO: Elliott Arnold; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 612; \$4.95.

The word "gringo" filled the natives of New Mexico with hatred and contempt for it symbolized those people who spoke an incomprehensible language—namely the American usurpers who ultimately conquered their province. This dramatic novel is the story of that conquest but more particularly it is the story of the perverted and tyrannical rule of the Governor of New Mexico—Don Manuel Armijo.

The author has, for the most part, depicted Don Manuel as the classical tragic hero who begins his career in a noble struggle against the injustices of the existing government. However, once in power he ceases to be the representative of the people and succumbs at once to arrogance and pride. Drunk with the wine of his own success, Don Manuel develops into an egotistical and utterly heartless ruler and, not satisfied with his political achievements, endangers his position by repeated attempts to seduce Soledad, an aristocratic girl who is married to Don Esquipulas, a prominent young soldier. True to the classical pattern, Don Manuel is soon faced with retribution and the destruction of his career. Led by Don Esquipulas, the people of New Mexico revolt against this despotic rule and willingly embrace the principles of justice and liberty introduced by the American conquest.

Elliott Arnold has written this absorbing novel with power and vividness. He is particularly successful in his description of the violent and barbaric tortures which were products of the Spanish mind. Their rather terrifying fascination with death and its inevitability regardless of the form it takes is portrayed in a most realistic and memorable fashion. In contrast to the horror of desert marches and the brutality displayed by both the Spanish natives and the Indians, the novel presents a most interesting and exciting picture of the color and elegance abounding in the aristocratic society of Old Santa Fe.

*Judith Livingston*

MUFFS AND MORALS: Pearl Binder; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 256; \$3.15.

*Muffs and Morals* by Pearl Binder is a book discussing dress and fashion through history, from ancient Egypt to present-day Britain, with particular reference to the ever-changing moral standards associated with dress. As well as demonstrating once again the truism that "One man's under-pants is another man's bikini", Miss Binder's work brings together many curious and interesting facts about such diverse subjects as wigs, corsets, umbrellas, male cosmetics, codpieces, plunging necklines and false stomachs, or peaseods. The work belongs to the presently popular school of what might be called "Ripley" books—books made up of a series of more or less unrelated facts of interest about one general subject. Similar books have been compiled recently on general subjects ranging from beards, potatoes, and common expressions to the ocean, the Royal family, and flying saucers. *Muffs and Morals*, in common with others of this school, has no thesis or central idea behind it—its author is not trying to prove anything in particular about fashion or morals either, except perhaps that both are constantly changing and hence should not be taken too seriously. In this her work differs from more "serious" books about fashion such as Rudofsky's *Are Clothes Modern?* or Hawes' *Fashion is Spinach* and its successors. It is no less entertaining for this lack of credo, and probably proves that fashion and dress are too frothy subjects to justify weighty arguments, and should always be dealt with in Miss Binder's humorous and pleasant manner.

*Larry Rogers*

MINDS IN MOVEMENT: A QUAKER STUDY OF ASIA AND THE WEST: American Friends Service Committee; Doubleday; (Gollancz); pp. 76; 50c.

*Minds in Movement* is the report on the countries of monsoonal Asia and their relations to the west, prepared by a Quaker study group. It is remarkable how much valuable information has been packed into 76 pages.

Chapter one gives a well balanced summary of how western influence penetrated India, South-East Asia, China, and Japan. This is followed by a survey of the present political and economic situation in these areas. Chapter three discusses the differences between Western and Asiatic thought, and chapter four the type of co-operation between East and West that is needed.

The economic program that is advocated is that outlined by the U.N. committee on underdeveloped countries, which requires a supply of \$10,000 million a year by the richer countries. If such a program is undertaken, we are warned against carrying it out in the attitude of the rich giving charity to the down-and-outs. To help to create the right frame of mind, the writers summarize the contribution Asia has already made to the civilization and the ways in which these countries can still help to solve the current international problems.

Altogether this is excellent reading and cannot be praised too highly for the critical, objective, yet humanitarian spirit in which it is written.

G.T.

THIS WAS MY WORLD: Robert St. John; Doubleday; pp. 369; \$4.50.

Mr. St. John, top-flight correspondent and radio commentator from Europe to the U.S. during World War II, writes the story of his life up to the time he left the U.S. for Europe. From his autobiography St. John emerges as a gentle, sensitive, extraordinarily naive, but honest and liberal-minded person. He appears, in fact, to be the very antithesis of one's idea of a modern American newspaper reporter.

Born in the Chicago of pre-Sandburg days and later moving to Vermont and New York, his work as a newspaper man brought him into contact with characters famous and notorious—Sinclair Lewis, Ben Hecht, Mayor Jimmy Walker, Ernest Hemingway, Ely Culbertson, Al Capone. (Against the latter, at the age of 23, St. John made an almost one-man stand in his own newspaper and spent some time in hospital as a result.)

Too much of the book is spent on the story of his childhood which he seems to think is unique in its pathos, and on a description of his retirement to a New Hampshire farm which tries to be funny in an Egg and I way. The best and smallest section of the book tells of his newspaper experiences, of the people he met in newspaper offices and on story assignments, of the Jazz Age and the Bohemian Age and the cultural movements of the times—in short, tells of the workings of the world that was his.

S. Lambert

BY STAR AND COMPASS: W. Stewart Wallace; Ryerson; pp. 165; \$3.00.

First brought out in 1922, this book, written for boys and girls by the librarian of the University of Toronto, certainly justifies republication. It is a collection of twenty-two tales of the explorers of Canada who, whether sailors or fur-traders or nobles, were brave and hardy men with a restless curiosity which drove them on to incredible exploits. The stories, of course, have an intrinsic interest, but Mr. Wallace, through his clear and easy prose, and without histrionics, brings the men to life and makes the situations vivid and immediate. A second book by this author telling of the adventurers he could not include in this one, would be most welcome.

A.P.

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